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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The War Before the War

On every hand parallels are being drawn between August, 1914, and August, 1939—the diplomatic uncertainties, the wild rumors, the last-minute efforts to preserve peace. But there are striking differences, of which the greatest, it seems to us, is that the nations are already doing, before war is declared, many things that it took them years of war to achieve before. We hear nothing of "business as usual." Not merely whole armies, but whole populations are mobilized even before a formal mobilization order is issued. All conceivable fortifications and trenches are prepared in advance. The Germans are put on rations of food and clothing that mark a minimum of subsistence; their material existence could not become greatly worse after a long war. Everything everywhere is concentrated to deliver a crushing blow at the start. The strain of war this time has largely been applied before the war begins.

Playing Poker with Armies

War in the old sense was a struggle between two armies, ending when one of them surrendered. War in the new sense is a struggle between nations, ending only when one of the contenders is destroyed as a nation. Absolutely any means of destruction may be employed, from simple arson to mass infanticide. Indeed, the picture of totalitarian warfare is so terrifying that another new type of struggle has also developed; it might be called "warfare by proclamation." This is the sort of war that is being waged today. As a matter of fact, it has continued for the last eight years, ever since the Japanese invaded Manchuria.

Warfare by proclamation is a game like stud poker, in that most of the cards are dealt face up on the table. There is no limit. One side bets, the other raises, a new card is dealt, until one of two things happens after the last card—either the less ruthless nation admits its weakness or else the hand is called. Most pots are won without the hole card's being shown. It is only when a hand is called that the shooting begins; and it is only then that warfare by proclamation becomes total war.

Is that moment now at hand? Hitler has bet his army and his air force and his non-aggression pact with Russia; the British, instead of dropping out, as they did half a dozen times in the past, have mobilized their resources all over the world and thrown them into the game. Hitler may now call for a showdown, though on Tuesday morning, August 29, it seemed more likely that he would negotiate—that is, agree to splitting the pot. In any case, the game will continue and eventually it will end in the totalitarian war that everybody—even Hitler—is hoping to avoid. It will end that way unless the British and the French surrender their empires, or Hitler is overthrown.

Radio Does Its Bit

For the past ten days people have been sitting with their ears close to their radios, as they did during the September crisis last year. As before, the American

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broadcasting systems have risen heroically to the occasion—too heroically, if anything. If it were possible to make the crisis worse than it is, the doom-laden tones of the announcers would do it. The radio reporters have been guilty of spreading a great many false reports, a fact due no doubt to the speed at which they work; the newspapers, with a little more time, have been far more accurate. When the radio men quote accredited news agencies they are sometimes too skimpy with the news, presumably under the terms of the contract. When they bring their own speakers to the microphone, they often go in the other direction and pad the news unmercifully. A man in Paris, let us say, has to report for fifteen minutes at 9:30 of a Monday. At 9:30 it so happens that there isn't anything to tell, but he goes ahead and tells it anyhow, while a million listeners sit balanced on indecision whether to turn him off and resume their bridge game or to keep the radio on in the hope that someone may hand him a bulletin that has just come in.

Because of the competing networks' habit of bunching their news broadcasts simultaneously, even during a crisis like this one, there are long arid stretches of the customary diet of swing music, "strip stories" of family life and mellifluous pleas for somebody's motor cars or mousetraps. The evils of unrestricted competition were never better shown than in radio. If this were a sensible world, every community would have three or four stations, each of them devoted exclusively to one type of material. Station X would broadcast news all day long, Station Y serious music, Station Z light music and so on. The listener could then get whatever he wanted instantaneously at any hour by the flip of a switch. If this were a sensible world—and what a joke that is!

We Want to Stay Out

The September issue of Fortune carries a public-opinion survey on foreign policy for the United States. The Fortune investigators, presumably, asked their questions a month or six weeks ago, a time of comparative international calm. It is impossible to say how the events of the past fortnight have influenced people's thoughts and emotions, but at the time of the survey they felt strongly that we ought not to get our fingers caught in the European war machinery. Eighty-three percent of the sample polled were in favor of the United States continuing its policy of working for peace without necessarily stating what we would do if war should start, but 65.6 percent felt that if France and England go to war against "the dictator nations" we should not send our army and navy abroad to help them, whether they are losing or not. Almost exactly the same percentage believe the United States ought to try to develop its own industries to the point where it does not have to buy any products from foreign countries. Sixty-one and a half percent think we should not continue to trade with "the dictator nations" if they declare war, a statistic which seems to contradict the general isolationist tenor of the poll. But, as Fortune points out, this does not necessarily mean that public sentiment favors a one-sided embargo. Many of those who voted against trade with "the dictator nations" might have opposed all trade with foreign countries in time of war, had the question been put.

Moscow: Berlin: America

Whatever it may do in Europe, the Russo-German pact will in America do great harm, harm that is not at all ameliorated by the fantastic explanations of the treaty that the American Communists are now pouring forth. In this country the stock of the Communists has gone down among those who did not like the Nazis and vice versa. American Tories who have always hated the left wing are gleeful over the heavy oaken club that is now thrust into their hands. Trotskyists are smiling; General Krivitsky suddenly becomes the man of the hour; unconfirmed reports from the Union Square front say that fellow-travelers are dropping like ripe plums in a hurricane. A good deal more serious is the fact that numerous organizations which have had Communists among their members are being attacked on this sole ground. Under the policy of the United Front, the followers of Stalin joined every worthy movement on the left from which they were not, or could not be, flatly excluded. The attacks that are now being made on all these enterprises are completely unfair; a good cause remains a good cause even though it has been espoused by people who have ties with a European country which has agreed not to fight another European country whose leaders and policies are obnoxious in the last degree. When your Tory friends tell you triumphantly that the New Deal or the Workers' Alliance or the League for Peace and Democracy is now anathema because of Communist support, please remember that these friends were itching for the chance to anathematize these institutions anyhow.

They Just Love Democracy

When Communists in San Antonio, Texas, applied to Mayor Maury Maverick for the right to hold a meeting in a small room in the municipal auditorium, he complied with their request, pointing out that while he has no sympathy for communism, he has a great deal of sympathy with the American Bill of Rights and its pledges of free speech and free assembly. The day of the meeting, a mob of five thousand San Antonians met and broke up the Communist meeting, before they were dispersed by police and firemen with fire hoses and tear gas bombs. About forty people were hurt, one seriously. These Texas mobsters, no doubt, were exhibiting their love of democracy. They are determined to preserve it from any outside threat even if they have to use completely fascist methods to do so.

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The Farmers Win a Strike

Among the complicated technicalities of the settlement of New York's milk strike, one thing at least is clear. The dumping of thousands of gallons of milk, the wounding of dozens of men and the death of one, were unnecessary waste brought about by antiquated ideas of industrial relations. The trouble cannot all be blamed, as it was by Mr. Charles H. Baldwin of the Metropolitan Coöperative Milk Producers, on the Dairy Farmers' Union. The union certainly has the right to bargain over the price at which its members sell milk to dealers. Three cents a quart—the price that many upstate farmers had been receiving—was not enough for a good season, let alone for a drought year. When the right to bargain was finally granted, through the intervention of Mayor LaGuardia, the conflict was quickly settled on terms acceptable to both farmers and dealers. Negotiation under a fair arbitrator has once more proved to be the most efficient way of settling such disputes. We are only wondering how many more years must pass until this obvious truth is accepted before—instead of after—a violent and bloody struggle.

The Guild is Busy

The Newspaper Guild has been active in negotiation with publishers in all parts of the country during the past week or two. In San Diego a contract has been signed with The Sun, a Scripps-Howard paper. In Kansas City, Missouri, The Journal is covered by a new contract. Guild agreements were renewed for the Hammond, Indiana, Times and three Guy Gannett papers in Portland, Maine—The Press Herald, Evening Express and Sunday Telegram.

In Lynn, Massachusetts, where the Guild is on strike against The Item, a contract has just been signed with the rival Telegram-News. Reports from Lynn say that The Item has been seriously damaged by the strike, which is now in its eighth week.

Hearst's Chicago Herald and Examiner, against which the Guild has had a strike for a number of months, has suspended publication. It has been merged with The Evening American owned by the same publisher in that city. The paper had been boycotted by many labor elements in Chicago, and had suffered severe financial losses. The Guild announced that the strike will be continued in force against the combined evening paper.

Hamstringing the Arts Projects

One of the bad features of the new WPA law is that it killed the Federal Theatre Project and turned over all the other aspects of the arts program to the states. At the time, The New Republic predicted that they would be crippled or destroyed, and time is proving that we were right. Most of these projects were directed from Washington by special groups of people who saw to it that high standards were maintained throughout the country. Without their efforts many of the local projects would have degenerated long ago into offshoots of the Chamber of Commerce designed to bolster up local patriotism. Now the national directors of the WPA are dismissing or curtailing the Washington staffs, although nothing in the law compels them to do so.

The National Technical Unit of the Historical Records' Project was slated to be dismissed on August 31. On the Writers' Project, a staff of seventy-seven is being reduced to seven. These seven, not writers but administrators, are faced with the task of completing the editorial work on twenty-two state guides and more than six hundred other books that are under contract. The fact that these Washington staffs are being dismissed seems to lend color to the charge that Colonel Harrington and his aides don't care what becomes of the arts projects and are quite content to see them torn to pieces by local administrators.

Sidney Howard

In the midst of last week's tense European news, we got word that Sidney Howard, the playwright, had been killed in an accident on his summer estate in Massachusetts. It was particularly shocking to learn that Howard's career was cut short in full stride by a type of accident common enough to create a machine-age maxim—never crank a gasoline motor in gear. In addition, the editors suffer the loss of a personal friend. Two years after the War, when he was just finishing "Swords," his first produced play, Sidney Howard worked for The New Republic. He was the first writer to investigate and publish the facts about industrial espionage in American industry. We printed his material serially in 1921; shortly thereafter it appeared as the book, "The Labor Spy." In the years since, of course, Sidney Howard earned fame as a playwright on Broadway and a lot of money in Hollywood as a scenarist. He recently said, in a public meeting, that something about the movies—the lack of an audience, the cock-eyed life, the easy money—had hurt his own standards of taste and his integrity as a writer. Knowing him, it is almost impossible to believe he was right. It is tragic he hasn't had time to prove his words wrong.

War in the Adirondacks

The biggest peacetime maneuvers in the history of the United States Army—with 50,000 men participating—have ended without casualties (except for two men killed by lightning) and the usual remarks are being made about them. The chief conclusion drawn by the army men and military critics is that the army needs a great deal more money if it is to be a first-class fighting force. It is not fully equipped and its men are not

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well enough trained. Well, we should be greatly disappointed if on any occasion the ranking officers should declare that the army was now perfect. And one of the purposes of holding maneuvers is, of course, to get publicity that will justify bigger appropriations.

Maneuvers such as these are good, healthy, open-air exercise for the men who engage in them. They expose many weaknesses in training of the reserves—one officer used his howitzers simply as barricades against tanks—but these are weaknesses that can scarcely be overcome when men have only two weeks of active service a year and large-scale maneuvers only every four years. They do not and cannot reproduce real combat conditions, and they are not the real test of an army. Still, they are almost as much fun for the participants as a fishing-trip. And undoubtedly most of the men know that war would be nothing like that.

Science in Danzig

This week's grimmest bit of irony is an item of news from Danzig, transmitted by Science News Letter. Danzig has just undertaken a fine campaign against cancer. Every citizen who is at a dangerous age (over thirty for women, over forty-five for men) gets a free annual medical examination. An educational campaign will persuade everyone to come in for his check-up. A doctor in private practice who suspects cancer in one of his patients can have free diagnosis in the city laboratories. Thus science marches on and may in the next quarter century save perhaps a tenth of the number of lives of Danzigers that Hitler is prepared to throw away in a month in pursuit of his ambition.

The Record of a Week

Here is a chronology of the chief events (so far as the world was allowed to know them) of the seven days, August 23 to 29:

Wednesday, August 23: Joachim von Ribbentrop flew to Moscow and, after three hours' diplomatic conversation, the German-Soviet non-aggression pact was signed. Sir Nevile Henderson flew from Berlin to Berchtesgaden with a message saying that negotiations might still preserve peace, but that Great Britain was prepared to fulfill her obligations to Poland. Hitler made a blunt reply and repeated Germany's demands: Danzig, the return of all parts of Poland that were German before 1918 and a protectorate over the rest.

Thursday, August 24: President Roosevelt appealed to King Victor Emanuel, Chancellor Hitler and President Moscicki of Poland to preserve the peace of Europe. Pope Pius, in a broadcast speech from Castel Gandolfo, pled with "the great human family" to put aside its arms. The treaty of mutual assistance between Poland and Great Britain was formally signed. Parliament met and gave the government virtually dictatorial war-emergency powers. British museums and libraries were closed to facilitate packing the national treasures. Nazi Albert Forster was appointed "supreme head of the state" in Danzig.

Friday, August 25: Sir Nevile Henderson conferred with Hitler in the morning and promptly flew back to London. There was false optimism because of the rumors that Germany was easing up on her demands, but in fact Hitler had added the abandonment of the British-Polish treaty to his conditions. Poland replied to Roosevelt's appeals, saying that she favored conciliation by a third party. Hitler ignored the plea. Roosevelt, for the fifth time within a year and the second time within two days, appealed to Hitler to preserve peace.

Saturday, August 26: The British Cabinet met to formulate a reply to Hitler's new "minimum demands." The German Economic General Staff introduced a drastic system of rations for food, clothing, coal and soap—perhaps the first indication the German people had that war was close at hand.

Sunday, August 27: In an exchange of letters with Premier Daladier, Hitler said that Germany must have the Corridor as well as Danzig. France, believing that Hitler's letter precluded any direct negotiations with Warsaw, ordered Parisians to evacuate the capital. But Hitler said Daladier "drew conclusions" from the letter and implied that negotiations were still possible. The entire Japanese Cabinet, headed by Premier Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, resigned.

Monday, August 28: After three days of meetings, the British Cabinet sent a letter to Hitler giving England's "final" position. The text of the message was not made public and the air filled with rumors of every description. France closed her German border, halted telephone service abroad and decreed widespread censorship. The Soviet Parliament met to ratify the non-aggression pact with Germany, but failed to bring the matter up in the first day's session.

Tuesday, August 29: The world waited for Hitler's reply to Great Britain's final bid. Prime Minister Chamberlain spoke briefly in the House of Commons and Parliament made plans to adjourn for one week.

America's Role in War

RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE make necessary an immediate reconsideration of the international position of the United States. In a war between Hitler's Reich, with or without Italy or other allies, and Britain and France, with whatever aid they may be able to muster in Central and Southern Europe, the outcome is sure to be extremely uncertain. Large German armies may for awhile be engaged by the Poles, but it is not likely that the Nazis would have to be fighting for long on two fronts at once. Their main energy could soon be hurled against the West. What is even more important, no Anglo-French blockade, however effective in the

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Atlantic and the Mediterranean, could be as powerful in bringing Germany to terms as that in the last War, if the vast resources of the Soviet Union remain at Hitler's disposal.

From the beginning this country would have to visualize the distinct possibility of a crushing defeat of the Western democracies by Nazi military power. Even if this were not the outcome, victory by the allies could probably be achieved only by a long and extremely costly war.

The startling shift in the balance of power immensely enhances the danger that we should be involved. In the first place, our natural sympathies would be sharpened by the possibly desperate plight of England and France, and the knowledge that, whatever their past mistakes, their only present alternative to war had been disastrous surrender. If the Soviet Union were aiding them, we could await the outcome with some complacency, but as it is we should be shaken with lively apprehension. In the second place, it will be urged that these two nations have become our frontier against the Nazi menace. We are perfectly safe behind the Atlantic against any navy in the world except the British, and that, we believed, would never be used against us. But suppose, by a British defeat, Hitler suddenly became master of it? The threat of a Nazi dictator of Europe going on to conquest in the New World may be only a nightmare, but it will affect many people, and there is just enough substance in it to supply food for a greatly strengthened interventionism. The prospect of a long war, too, endangers our neutrality. Nearly everybody believes we could stay out for a limited period, but the longer the strain continues, the more likely we are to succumb to it.

This is a time when it is more necessary than usual to keep our heads and act coolly. We need to face frankly the probability that Britain and France will require our help more than ever. We may even have to ask ourselves whether there are sound reasons for joining their cause, at the expense of plunging this nation into war. But such a decision must not be based on sudden emotion. Nor ought we to be in a position where we shall be gradually edged toward war, or be drawn or plunged into it, by any act other than our own deliberate choice, after realistic consideration of the issues at stake. Too many people seem to believe that, while they do not want America to go to war, circumstances will eventually force it to do so. There is no reason in the world why we should accept any such mechanistic inevitability.

How well are we prepared to neutralize the effect of involuntary influences toward participation while we keep our wills free for a decision? At the moment, very badly. The principal item in the Neutrality Act now on the statute books is a complete embargo on arms, ammunition and implements of war. But there is almost no provision to keep us from getting into trouble about the vast quantities of other goods that warring nations are likely to buy from us. They can buy on credit; goods belonging to American shippers but consigned to belligerents can be carried on the high seas; they can even be carried on ships of American registry. Let either side capture or destroy such goods or ships, and the spark of controversy is lighted. It was just such controversy that led us into trouble with Great Britain in the early days of the last war; we could not have enforced our rights without destroying the effectiveness of her blockade. And it was controversy of this kind that eventually supplied the *casus belli* against Germany.

From another point of view, the existing Neutrality Act may increase the chances of our fighting if it injures the British and French cause, since the nearer they come to defeat, the more seriously we shall have to consider coming to their aid. A German air fleet that can concentrate on one front may cause great injury to British and French plants for the manufacture of planes and munitions. In that case, the Allies would be seriously hampered by inability to buy them here. Meanwhile our efforts to protect our "neutral rights" to ship to Britain's enemies might interfere with her use of the only arm in which she has unquestioned superiority—the navy.

There is a simple way to avoid both these dangers while preserving legal neutrality. It is to amend the Neutrality Act by restoring the cash-and-carry provision and placing munitions under that provision. The New Republic never saw any great virtue in the munitions embargo alone; the cash-and-carry provision in the law of 1937 was always far more important as a means of preventing involvement. That is so now—more than ever. If it were applied to shipments of arms, grain, cotton, chemicals, machinery or anything else necessary in war, we should be legally indifferent about what happened to them once they had left our shores, for neither they nor the ships in which they were being carried would be owned by Americans. Yet such a plan would not hamper the Allies in financing purchases here. A recent issue of The London Economist estimated British financial resources which could be turned into cash for purchases in this country as "at least equivalent in value to those raised during the last war." At the same time, the little that the Germans might be able to buy in this country would be subject to continued and unchecked interruption by the British navy.

To enact a comprehensive cash-and-carry law, and to do so promptly, would be the soundest foundation we could possibly lay for policy in war. It would in effect offer Britain and France full access to our economic resources while denying it to their opponents. It would be legally neutral and would tend to prevent embarrassing incidents. More than this we are not prepared to do, but less than this is too little.

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Why Did Russia Do It?

THE TEXT OF THE RUSSO-GERMAN TREATY of non-aggression was made public on August 23. As Ernest Sutherland Bates points out in his article on page 121 of this issue, these terms are uncompromising indeed. Each country agrees that it won't support a third power, not in "acts of aggression" against the other, the phrase customarily used in such treaties, but in the case of "warlike acts." This difference in phraseology may prove of great significance, since "warlike acts" might mean almost anything, including the response of a victim of German aggression. The text of the treaty makes nonsense of the labored and illogical explanations written by the editors of The New Masses and The Daily Worker before the exact terms were published, in which those gentlemen tried to explain that the treaty is a great stroke for peace and democracy.

Yet if their defense does not hold water, the violent denunciations of Soviet Russia that have filled the conservative American press in the past few days also leave part of the story untold. Russia's action is to be regretted not because she is not entitled to a policy of isolation if she wants one, but because she had been the chief exponent of the contrary policy of collective security and because the pact was secretly agreed upon while she was negotiating with England and France. The timing of her action, as well as its sudden reversal, made it seem like a betrayal. Yet the Russian explanation of why the treaty was signed seems to make good sense and no official in London or Paris has denied it. The Russians say they were forced to sign with Germany because the negotiations with England and France were in a completely hopeless blind alley. These powers and Poland firmly refused a limited collective-security agreement with Soviet Russia. They would not permit Soviet troops to enter upon Polish territory and the Poles had said that they did not need and would not accept Russian help. As Soviet War Commissar Voroshilov reasonably says, the Russians did not see how they could help Poland in a military way by keeping their troops behind their own frontier. He adds the important fact that the Russians do not regard the German treaty as preventing them from selling military supplies to Poland. Such supplies might conceivably be of great value.

In the capitals of Western Europe there is gossip that the Russo-German treaty was accompanied by a secret annex providing for a division of "spheres of influence" in Poland and the Baltic States—spheres so complete that they would amount almost to annexation. The Russians indignantly deny that any such supplement exists and the record of their past performances entitles them to the benefit of the doubt. For one thing, the Russian government has not heretofore lied about its treaty commitments as most of the Western powers have done, and for another, Russia has not sought territory where a majority of the population was hostile.

Russian policy can be understood only by bearing in mind the situation in the Far East. For at least a decade, Russian development and interest have been in Siberia rather than west of the Urals. Moscow does not propose to lose Eastern Siberia to Japan or even to see Japan strong enough on the Asiatic mainland to threaten such a thing. In Russia's eyes the most important aspect of the agreement with Germany is probably that it frees her from having to fight on two fronts at once in case of a major conflict with Japan. The Japanese have taken this development so seriously that they have turned their backs on the Axis.

In a world of *realpolitik*, there is a good deal to be said for a policy under which Soviet Russia would turn her back on Western Europe. The arguments in favor of isolation, in the limited military and political sense, that apply to the United States may temporarily hold good for the USSR as well. Stalin, though he may have to fight Hitler in the end, has something to gain from neutrality. It was the American Communists, far more than anybody in Moscow, who recently have filled the air with moral exhortations on behalf of collective security. As we have said, Stalin is to be criticized, not for serving the interests of his country as he sees them rather than observing a nonexistent international morality, but for doing this after a long flirtation with France and England, and for timing his repudiation so as to do them the maximum amount of harm and Germany the maximum amount of good. In fact, the American Communists who are now in such a wretched position have only themselves to blame. For many years they prided themselves on viewing world affairs in a coldly realistic light. Their prophecies were more accurate than those of anyone else, they said, because they invariably based their predictions on an assumption of selfish and materialistic motives. If they were right about collective security, Stalin is wrong, but we take a little unholy delight in their present discomfort.

Hitler's Last Gamble

WHEN HITLER MADE HIS non-aggression pact with Stalin and announced his firm intention to settle his score with Poland immediately, he expected Britain and France to surrender again as at Munich. Doubtless Stalin expected it too; certainly such an outcome looked almost inevitable on this side of the Atlantic. But in the meantime Britain and France had learned Hitler's game and had firmly resolved not to let him win at it again. They were prepared this time, and by both word and act turned the full force of the war of nerves against him. Hitler was first enraged, then taken aback. Could it be possible that his opponents were not cowards after all? Would he really have to fight an enemy

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of his own stature in order to gain what he wanted? This was a new idea to him, and it caused him to pause and try to test the moral armor of his adversaries more thoroughly before striking.

Delays, letters and replies, negotiations secret and public, are all on the credit side as long as they offer an opportunity, however slight, for peaceable settlement. But all such confusing tactics cannot hide the fact that this time one side or the other must back down and suffer the loss of prestige accompanying defeat, in order to avoid war. Hitler had promised his people Danzig and the Corridor. He had emphasized that this was the time when they were to be acquired. Merely fighting for them will injure him, because the Germans had been led to believe he would win without war. But if he gave them up without fighting because Poland, Britain and France said no, his magic would have been ruined. However long the preliminaries, it is incredible that Hitler would consent to demobilization and formal negotiations without a private assurance that in the end he would win. Britain and France, on their side, could not now go back on Poland, and neither they nor Poland could surrender anything to Hitler under threat of force, without losing more face than they could afford to spare. After all the negotiating and conferring, there could be no settlement without a defeat of one side or the other, no matter how softened the blow. It is well to understand that, in apportioning the responsibility for events.

No doubt both sides during the negotiations have been coolly reckoning their chances in open conflict. What kind of war would it be, and who would join up on both sides? Obviously, the first move is an invasion of Poland by the Germans. Meanwhile Hitler is likely to assume the defensive on the western front behind the Siegfried line, using the neutrality of Belgium this time as a shield rather than as an avenue of advance. Britain and France can send no direct help to Poland. They will have to take their action on the western front, possibly by active attack, and certainly by naval blockade. Both sides will take to the air at once, but it is doubtful whether either will at the beginning carry on a bombing warfare against civilian centers—though charges of this sort are certain to be made. They will try to wreck the enemy's centers of communication and production, and to reduce the power of his armed forces, rather than wasting much high explosive on women and children.

Will Italy come in? Of course she has firmly said she will, but her course looks extremely uncertain. Her neutrality might even aid Germany, since it would prevent a possible flank attack by France through Italy on the south. The Allies possess everything Italy wants, and it is unlikely that she would fight for her coveted prizes as long as there is a chance that they might be offered to her as bribes.

Japan is of course severed from the Axis by the Soviet treaty, and is unlikely to rush to Hitler's aid. Even Spain is reported to be alienated by the new developments; and Spain is hardly prepared for war anyway. If she denies the use of air and naval bases to Hitler and Mussolini one great worry of the Allies will be over.

Hungary will fight, if at all, on the German side, in order to regain from Rumania her lost territories. Rumania hopes to be neutral, and Germany may let her alone if she agrees to help in the transportation of supplies from the Soviet Union. As for Turkey, her course is uncertain. The British seem to be counting on her assistance, yet she is likely to act as the Soviet Union does.

Such a war would be quite different from the last one. In its early stages, at least, it would consist in German conquest to the eastward, without engaging in a death-grapple with the western enemies. It would be difficult, on the western front, for either combatant to wound the other mortally without incurring too great a risk himself. Possibly Hitler, with a lightning shift in strategy, would decide he had to deal with Britain and France first of all, and would advance against them in force through Switzerland or other neutrals. But it is more likely that he would hope to make terms with them after he had established himself to the east. In either case, however, the war must be long, bloody and indecisive so long as Britain and France hope to stop forcible expansion by the Reich. To apply sufficient pressure to curb Hitler now, after the loss of Czecho-Slovakia and the neutralization of the Soviet Union, would be a truly heroic task. Perhaps Chamberlain and Daladier have made up their minds to it. Perhaps they have military plans that are not guessed. But at first sight, the chances of military victory seem as uncertain as in any war ever waged.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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On the Edge of War

Paris at Zero Hour

GERMANY AND RUSSIA have signed a non-aggression agreement. Reports say that the British government was astonished to hear of the new agreement; but it is hard to see why this should be true. For weeks the Polish government has been warning France and Great Britain that they were wrong not to conclude negotiations with the Kremlin at almost any price. The Poles predicted the possibility that Moscow would agree with Berlin. Warsaw argued that internal Russian politics increased this danger since there has always been a pro-German group in Soviet Russia.

Here in Paris, we are again living through the agonizing days that preceded August 2, 1914. Then the Kaiser was in constant consultation with his faithful allies, Francis Joseph of Austria, the Sultan of Turkey, the Tsar of Bulgaria, while at the same time he was trying to hold off England, which had not yet decided to align herself with France. The Kaiser had fewer allies than Hitler has today. He was, however, more determined, because he was better armed, more sure that the German people stood solidly behind him and certain that his army was impatient for action. In 1914 the German war treasury was overflowing with gold. German granaries were bursting with supplies. There was no such nation as Poland and the Triple Alliance appeared to be solid.

Hitler continues to try to divide his enemies so that he can isolate one of them and destroy it. He has begun with Poland, using the same tactics that he did a year ago against the Czechs. Thus far, his propaganda of complaining about "Polish atrocities against Germans" has not worked very well. However, Himmler has given orders for a series of provocations in Upper Silesia and the Corridor beginning immediately, to prove that the situation in these districts is "untenable." Special detachments have been ordered to provoke disturbances and armed clashes. The Nazis have a special hatred for the Voivode of Upper Silesia, Gracsinsky, and intend to make him responsible for the blood they propose to shed. The Voelkische Beobachter has already spoken of a "massacre that menaces Germans in Upper Silesia" which they say Gracsinsky has methodically planned.

At the same time, the Bureau of Foreign Affairs of the National Socialist Party, directed by Rosenberg, is working feverishly on plans for an uprising of Ukrainians against the Poles. The center of this "Ukrainian plot" is to be found at 73 Mecklenburgische Strasse, Berlin-Wilmersdorf, headquarters of the Ukrainian Press Service. Nazi agents in Lvov have been ordered to organize Polish-Ukrainian disturbances in Eastern Galicia, timed to break out at the same moment as the German-Polish incidents.

On August 16, Hitler summoned the liaison officers of the German and Italian High Commands to tell them that the Axis must immediately launch into war or must change its whole present general political line. These liaison officers, after long deliberation, voted for immediate action. Hitler told them that even the annexation of Danzig, not accompanied by the partition of Poland, would be insufficient. Since then, many foreigners in Germany have been waiting hourly for simultaneous attacks on Poland and on Rumania by way of Hungary.

The French High Command is confident of the outcome of a war with Germany. Every possible type of German attack has been prepared for, including a mass descent of German soldiers by parachutes upon London and Paris in order to destroy these cities with bombs and conflagrations more accurately than can be done by airplanes alone. French experts are not counting too heavily on the shortage of foodstuffs in Germany as giving a military advantage to the Allies. Hitler has worked out elaborate plans whereby the entire German people will eat their meals in a vast series of barracks. Only a cold breakfast will be consumed at home. These communal meals will not only save great quantities of food but are expected to strengthen the morale of the people. While they are dining they will listen to radio broadcasts of patriotic songs and addresses and propaganda disguised as news.

These plans were worked out not only because of the shortage of food, but because of the loss of morale by many Germans. General von Metzch, director of the Institute of the Psychology of the German People, some time ago notified Hitler that a serious deterioration of morale has taken place, largely because food is scarce and inferior in quality. General von Metzch told the Führer that "every meal eaten at home in the Third Reich is a new source of demoralization." However, even a grave degree of demoralization would probably not stop Hitler. As an eminent French diplomat wrote the other day: "What is particularly grave in the situation is the fact that at the high altitude of Berchtesgaden all contact with reality has been lost. Up there, Hitler and von Ribbentrop can continue their dream, without worrying about material contingencies."

Paris (by air mail) GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

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"Non-Aggression"—or Alliance?

THE SO-CALLED "NON-AGGRESSION TREATY" concluded last week between Russia and Germany differs startlingly from other pacts of that nature. It really represents a new type of treaty, halfway between a simple non-aggression agreement and a full-blown league of alliance. Its true significance only becomes clear through a comparison of its terms with those of the ten other treaties, allegedly of the same character, negotiated by Russia at various times between 1924 and 1938.

Beginning with the less important treaties with Turkey (1925), Luthuania (1926), Persia (1927) and Afghanistan (1931), the Soviet government in 1932 negotiated no less than five pacts of similar nature with Finland, Latvia, Poland, Estonia and France, followed in 1937 by one with China. All of them are short, running from three to nine articles, and all follow very closely the same general pattern, differing only verbally except in regard to the duration of the treaties and the strength of the "escape clause" which appears in seven out of the ten. This pattern includes, first, a declaration of neutrality and non-aggression between the two contracting parties; second, an agreement not to participate in any political alliances or economic boycotts "openly hostile to" or "manifestly directed against" either of the signatories; and third, a promise, in case of dispute, to utilize methods of conciliation or arbitration.

In these three respects, the Berlin-Moscow treaty runs true to the conventional pattern, except for the important point that the agreement not to participate in hostile alliances is made much broader by the phrasing of Article IV that "Neither of the high contracting parties will associate itself with any other grouping of powers which directly *or indirectly* is aimed at the other party." The uniqueness of the present treaty does not lie here, however, but in the total elimination of the escape clause found in the other treaties, and in the substitution therefor of a wholly novel and extremely sinister article.

The rumor, current before the terms of the treaty were published, that it would contain an escape clause was based upon the uniform latter-day practise of the Soviet government. The comparatively weak provision in the treaties with Persia and Afghanistan that both parties should "retain entire freedom of action" outside of the specific obligations assumed in the treaties was strengthened in all five of the much more important 1932 pacts by the inclusion of an article providing for denunciation without notice in case of aggression against any third party. In the treaties with Finland and France this article was couched in identical terms: "Should either High Contracting Party resort to aggression against a third Power, the other High Contracting Party may denounce the present Treaty without notice." In the Latvian and Estonian treaties it appears with a slight difference: "Either of the High Contracting Parties shall have the right to denounce the Treaty by giving notice of its intention six months before the expiry of the said period, or without giving such notice in the event of an act of aggression being committed by the other High Contracting Party against any third Power." In the Polish treaty it appears in the form: "In the event of one of the Contracting Parties committing an aggression against a Third State the other Party shall be entitled to denounce the present Treaty without giving any notice." This all-important article was absent only in the Chinese pact of 1937 which was rightly regarded as a treaty of friendship and semi-alliance rather than as one of mere non-aggression.

But even the Chinese pact did not contain any provision remotely similar to the ominous Article III of the Berlin-Moscow treaty, which reads: "The governments of the two contracting parties in the future will constantly remain in consultation with one another in order to inform each other regarding questions of common interest." It is obvious that this article gives expression to an entente between the two governments which may cover any number of secret agreements of a military or economic nature directed against other nations.

Finally, the present treaty is more binding than any of the others in its duration. The non-aggression pact with France was for an indefinite period but was terminable by either party after two years; the pacts with Lithuania, Afghanistan and China were specifically for five-year periods; all of the others were for only three. But the Berlin-Moscow treaty "will extend for a period of ten years" and unless abrogated by the end of the ninth year "will continue in force automatically for another period of five years."

Thus in four definite respects the present pact is much stronger than the traditional Russian treaties of non-intervention. The agreement to refrain from participation with hostile powers is more inclusive; there is no escape clause; there is the provision for mutual consultation; the duration of the treaty is twice that of any of the others. At whatever period the Berlin-Moscow pact had been made or with whatever power, it would have been an exceptional document for Russia to sign. The time and circumstances of its adoption give it a significance that is simply enormous. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of latter-day European diplomacy.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

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Blueprints For a New Society

I: The Weakness of State Socialism

BACK IN THE DAYS before Versailles, before the hopes of "good old 1913" (to use Elmer Davis' fond phrase) had gone glimmering with Woodrow Wilson's health, American liberals were far more conversant than they are at present with Grand Political Theory. On one level they read books like Herbert Croly's "The Promise of American Life," or Walter Weyl's "The New Democracy," or Walter Lippmann's "A Preface to Politics." And on another and more exciting level they listened while the anarcho-syndicalist philosophers who stood behind the IWW movement quarreled amiably between trips to Paterson and Lawrence picket-lines with Debsian socialists about the uses and abuses of State power.

From a purely intellectual standpoint that was the golden age of the American radical movement, an age in which rifts between liberals, radicals, anarchists and socialists of various hues were hardly matters for blood-feuding and personal calumny, no matter how exciting. Socialists and anarchists naturally thought liberals were balmy, but it was taken for granted in that spacious period that one should know and use one's own mind; the "party line" had not yet been looped and knotted into a noose for the hanging of heretical disputants.

With the entrance of the United States into the World War, the arguments either ceased or became rancorous mudslinging between patriots and Zimmerwaldists, Wilsonian democrats and pacifist isolationists. The great days of the New Freedom and the New Nationalism, of Big Bill Haywood and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Carlo Tresca and Eugene Debs and Meyer London, were over and done. It is true that Randolph Bourne, the hunchback without illusions, carried on with High Theory even after George Creel's wartime propaganda bureau had tacitly signaled a halt to nasty cracks about war being the "health" of the State; but if we except Harold Laski, who quit this country for England after the suppression of the Boston police strike, Bourne stands as the last figure on these shores to take the subject of Grand Political Theory with argumentative seriousness. There have been many books on aspects of politics since 1920; there have been translations of the systematic treatises of Pareto and Mosca and Karl Mannheim; there have been attempts to reduce politics to a behavioristic science (the work of Harold Lasswell and his followers); and there have been somewhat capricious personal essays on the order of Albert Jay Nock's "Our Enemy the State." But, in general, American liberals dropped Grand Political Theory for some twenty years. Few, indeed, are the intellectuals of the post-Versailles period who have shown the slightest interest in people like Henry George, Franz Oppenheimer or Randolph Bourne, all of whom wished to isolate the factors which tend to make the State into an engine of suppression. And few indeed are the people now under forty who have ever opened the pre-war books of Croly, Weyl and Lippmann. As for Marxist political analysis, there has been a tendency to take it for granted; its assumptions have plummeted deep into the mind, below the level that insists on disputation.

The reasons for the lapse of interest in Grand Theory are not far to seek. On the one hand, the Crolys, Weyls and Lippmanns had obviously overestimated the capacity of the free-wheeling liberal to harness the energies of various social power-groupings for the achievement of Utopia. And on the other hand, there seemed to be no use arguing about Marx, the communist or Bakunin, the anarchist-communist: the history of radical political theory seemed for the moment to be closed by the gigantic new fact of the Bolshevik October Revolution. With one-sixth of the earth's surface under Soviet control, Lenin and Trotsky had seemingly proved the validity of their diagnosis, the realism of their particular Grand Theory. Anarchists such as Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman might rage over the slaughter of the Kronstadt sailors, but anarchism had palpably missed the boat in Russia along with liberalism and the more genteel varieties of socialism. Outside of Russia the Social Democrats proved powerless all through the 1920's to push economic change to the point of socialist planning for all. Hence there seemed nothing for theory to do but to wait upon the outcome of what liberals were gingerly coming to term "the Russian experiment."

The prestige of the Soviet Gosplan, or State Planning Commission, gained immeasurably in liberal circles from the obvious plight of western capitalism, which seemed unable to digest the aftermath of the World War. While Nazis fought pitched battles with Weimar Republicans in German streets and England flounced off the gold standard and Mr. Hoover cracked down with an unimaginative fist on the bonus marchers and the breadlines lengthened in Detroit, Russian industry was compounding its growth at the unbelievable rate of 20 percent a year. Electrification, which was in Lenin's mind the prerequisite for communism, had been pushed even before the period of the Five Year Plans; by 1928 the capacity of Russia's central power stations had increased by 50 percent. And from 1928 on to 1933, with the first Five Year Plan setting the objectives, geologists poked at the

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Siberian hills and factories went up in regions that had been wilderness. The "Turksib" Railway was finished, the Kuznetsk coal fields were opened, cotton was planted in Turkestan, wheat in Siberia. And American engineers, paid in gold, took jobs in Russia because they could earn more money there.

There was, of course, a lot of waste and confusion. The "paper work" of planning for a sixth of the earth's surface and 160,000,000 people was endless; the overhead—or the "burden," as engineers like to say—was terrific. Russian peasants, only recently uprooted from a handicraft-vegetable economy, did not take easily to the manipulation of machines. The problem of making enough city goods to pass on to the peasantry in exchange for a continuous and broadening food supply had been skimped by the Bolshevik leaders, who were mostly of urban origin and sympathies. Monetary troubles came in the wake of negligent cost-accounting; Marx had written very little about money in a socialist society, and his Russian followers had not stopped to reckon with the fact that inflation could happen under Communist circumstances. Moreover, the tempos in various sectors of the new Soviet industry tended to get out of alignment with each other, with the result that raw materials were not always ready for the factories, and vice versa. But up through 1932 the surface indications were all heartening to western liberals who were waiting on the outcome of the "experiment." Between the Russia of 1932 and the Russia that had been ravaged by civil war and fought over by White Guard adventurers and Western interventionist powers before 1921, there seemed all the difference between Utopia and hell.

And then came the rude awakening, the first signs of really inefficient backtracking in what was supposedly the straight-line assembly flow of the great Soviet factory. Western liberals, who were expecting the moon on a Soviet silver platter in 1932, had fantastically extrapolated the curves of their hopes; and they were not psychologically braced to assimilate adverse news. Those who had gotten a new, if secular, religion by looking at Russia reacted to such things as the great 1932-33 famine, in which three or four million peasants died as a result of inept handling of the drive for agrarian collectivization, by a simple denial of statistics. The hard-boiled liberal fringe murmured something about not being able to make an omelette without breaking eggs. And still another group of liberals turned on the USSR completely. There could, so they said, be no hope in central economic control; and if five-year planning needed a Gaypayoo, then hurray for western confusion and the old-fashioned trade cycle and Carl Snyder's figures which "proved" that industry's natural rate of growth was around three percent per annum, not the 20 percent which was being wrung out of the blood and bones of Stakhanovite shock-workers in Mr. Stalin's sweatshop.

Since they were born of a reaction to false hopes, all the liberal attitudes of 1933-39 have been pretty silly. As a matter of fact, Russia, which had to build from the ground up in a razed, typhus-ridden land, has had little validity as a laboratory of any sort so far as the West is concerned. It had little validity even in the revolutionary period of 1918-21, when Lenin and Trotsky were supposedly "proving" the case for revolution as against gradualism. In Germany and in other advanced industrial nations Communists have since discovered through successive defeats that the old revolutionary methods of "conquering" State power are archaic. One can't capture vast congeries of public and private organizations situated in many populous cities by simple street fighting or by occupying the physical plant of a few factories, power houses and telephone exchanges. And as for the Russian economic planning, its problems are utterly different from those which face planners in the West, where the primary task is to get full production and distribution out of a physical plant that already exists.

Recent Russian history has, of course, been thorny as a blackberry patch with barbarities. At least some of the bloodiness is due to Asiatic or uniquely Russian tradition. And some of it goes back to the fact that Russia has been a "ringed" state, fearful of attack from both east and west. In 1927, just before embarking on the first Five Year Plan, the Bolsheviks hoped to get capital from the Western nations. But the capital was not forthcoming; Herbert Hoover summed up the attitude of the Western financial community when he called Russia an "economic vacuum." Unable to borrow money for the purchase of capital goods, the gosplanners were forced to divert most of the available Russian manpower from the production of consumers' goods. And as a result of this, the Russian factory workers and city dwellers had nothing much to pass on to the farmer for his grain. When forced grain deliveries were resorted to by the Bolsheviks, the kulaks went in for passive resistance; they "forgot" to plant more than enough for themselves, or they killed and ate their cattle. The decision on the part of Stalin to collectivize the countryside naturally followed; and the famine followed later as the peasants stepped up their sabotage. In a Western nation none of this might have happened; gosplanning in the United States, for example, would *begin* with the objective of flooding the countryside with city goods, and there would be no need of immediately collectivizing the farmer, certainly not under forced draught.

Because Russia is *sui generis,* or just emerging from colonial status, it can be argued with a great deal of cogency that the experiences of the Bolsheviki are no test of socialism so far as Germany, France, Scandinavia, Britain or the United States are concerned. Yet, in a larger sense, I think it is fortunate that liberals have been disillusioned with Russia. For, while the Soviets

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have proved nothing about the prospects for humanist advance that might be expected of a socialist experiment under Western economic conditions, they have proved something to my mind about the workings of a one-party political system resting on the economic base of State ownership of all the productive wealth.

It is frequently said that human beings will only work at maximum efficiency for private gain. I cannot see that this is true: many people work out of motives of pride in the job, or of institutional loyalty, or of curiosity, or of simple habit. The enemy of democratic socialism is not that all men have an ineradicable hidden yearning for profit; it is something more subtle than that. The subtlety inheres in the totalitarian economic base which is the prerequisite for the classless society.

A one-party political system can exist on the economic base of private ownership of the means and the materials of production: Germany, Italy and China, as well as our own Federalist Party period before 1800, have proved that. But there is no record that I know of in history of a two or a multiple-party system existing in a State that owned all the land and productive equipment. The Incas tried communism; they also had theocratic rule. Democratic socialists will probably be quick to argue that State ownership of all the means and materials of production need not prove oppressive provided the people are permitted to vote on their own planning program. But the State does not consist of a mass of atomistic, free-willed voters; it is a collection of institutions that tend to go their own gait, gathering power out of the sheer will to exist and to extend their fields of activity. An institution such as the Russian Politburo may "grant" a constitution, but as long as it has total disposal of the jobs needed to carry out the "democratically" sanctioned plan it certainly commands a patronage that is beyond the wildest dreams of democratic politicians. It may be granted that the "people" can set the goals for a gosplan at the polls. But if the Politburo has the power of appointment and removal, managerial control is bound to express itself from the top down. And such management can always coerce *future* voting by its command of present favors. The "people," under such a system, must necessarily lack the free economic base for an opposition party. Lacking this base, they must string along with the *de facto* bosses of the existing party. And they will, if they know what is good for them, vote for changes in the gosplan which the bosses approve. If Stalin decides that Japan is menacing, labor-hours will be put into the manufacture of airplanes, not into the fabrication of badminton rackets or deck chairs. Stalin may be right about the Japanese, but the essence of democracy is that people shall have the right to go to hell if they want to.

Under Western conditions of economic plenty, the will of the bosses might never prove oppressive: a samurai class, a materialist theocracy, of humane, disinterested civil servants might be developed. There would assuredly be no Moscow trials in countries whose legal traditions are founded on Anglo-Saxon respect for the individual. Yet freedom, as the West has known it, would be gone. The right to oppose implies the right to make a living even in opposition; and if a dominant party controls all the means of production the right to make a living in opposition will be precarious, at best.

The Moscow trials clinched the case for me against complete State ownership of the means and materials of production. The squabbles underlying the trials have been dressed up as an Aaron Burr conspiracy for personal power, as a Japanese-Fascist plot, as a menacing intrigue to restore capitalism in the socialist fatherland. Yet, basically, all the quarrels proceeded from different conceptions of what should be the end and aim of the gosplan. Trotsky wanted the world revolution pushed and the peasants collectivized without any ado; therefore Trotsky went into banishment and exile. Bukharin, who had told the peasants to "enrich yourselves" in the NEP period, wanted Stalin to go slowly with the program for creating collective farms and artels; therefore Bukharin was bumped off. "Inner contradictions" had appeared in the USSR for the simple reason —which should have been obvious all along—that members of the "classless" society were confronted with the same old savings-spendings, or investment-consumption, dilemma that has always racked capitalist society. The State, it became more and more apparent to me, could hardly "wither away" as long as groups could argue about questions of industrial tempo, or of the uses of the available labor-hours. Even under conditions of complete socialist plenty, gosplanning must involve human choices as between loafing and working for a surplus; and the State apparatus has certainly proved necessary in the USSR to enforce whatever choice, whatever industrial frame of reference, the Politburo has seen fit to accept. So the problem of State power obviously remains under socialism; and the possibilities of oppression (of putting down those who, in the name of Trotskyism or Bukharinism or what-not, want different gosplanning for different aims) remain, too.

The Moscow trials were dramatic evidence of a socialist horn to the age-old dilemma of blending freedom and economic security. The capitalist horn exists for the well known reason that competition, at least in fields that require large blocks of capital, proceeds toward monopoly as depression shakes out those enterprisers who are not well heeled. The socialist horn exists for the more obscure reason that complete State ownership of the means of production makes it impossible for the Bukharins and the Trotskys to discover an independent economic base for an opposition organization formidable enough in terms of dues and num-

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bers to command tolerance and respect. So there you have it: capitalist Scylla and communist Charybdis, if you want both freedom to shoot off your mouth and freedom to make a living. The Populists, the pre-war Progressives of 1912, the Single Taxers and the Wilsonian Democrats always knew that; but they have been in the intellectual doghouse since the war.

In recent months, however, American liberals have been groping toward the realization that Marxism is not a complete lexicon of progress. Western planners—see the files of Plan Age—have developed a technique which can, I think, best be described as the technique of limited, or partial, planning. This technique does not require dictatorial control of the means and materials of production, for it begins by research and ends in the consulting chamber, with all claims—the claims of management, the claims of labor, the claims of ownership—represented in a final compromise. The planners are not the bosses nor are they rubber-stamps for the bosses; they merely act as advisers. And the various power-groups under democracy are permitted both to propose objectives and to veto them, if the road to attainment promises to prove costly.

The realization that Marxism is not enough has caused many western liberals to check their sights in the past year or so. Witness the recent spate of "democracy" books by Herbert Agar, Arthur Garfield Hays, George Counts, Mordecai Ezekiel, Max Lerner, Alfred Bingham and Maury Maverick. In a later installment of this series I shall return to these books. And I shall also return to a phase of the Russian "experiment" that has been overlooked by those liberals who took Lenin's word for it that the NEP period—or the period of the New Economic Policy that lasted from 1921 to 1928—was a "strategic retreat." But before grappling with NEP and the latest efforts of liberals to drive a course between a capitalism that makes for monopoly and a socialism that makes for monolithic party government, there are all the nineteenth-century compromises to deal with. Anarchism, anarcho-syndicalism, guild socialism, distributism and the coöperative movement have all seemed to promise, at times, a form of society in which neither economic nor political monopoly would be possible of achievement. Some of these compromises build on a communal ownership in which title to productive equipment and land rests with the group—say, with the labor union, or with the farmers' producer-coöperative. Some frankly build on a more traditional private-property base, although all of them reject the property rights of that fictitious legal entity, the great corporation. What have these philosophies to tell us? Are any of them valid today? In future articles we shall endeavor to see.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

This is the first in a series of several articles by Mr. Chamberlain. In the second he will discuss anarchism and anarcho-syndicalism.—THE EDITORS

Spain: The Aftermath of Defeat

Prieto's Revenge

. . . Aunque, hablando en plata, el honor, entre políticos, maldito lo que garantiza. (Martin Luís Guzmán: "La Sombra del Caudillo.")

THE INTERNECINE STRIFE that has developed between Spanish Republican leaders since the fall of the Republic has dismayed their friends in many countries. The vital interests of nearly half a million refugees, the political future of the Republicans and the historic prestige of their struggle for freedom have seemed to some degree compromised by the accusations and counter-accusations which flourish in the air of exile.

A good deal of this polemical activity may be disregarded as evidence merely of the inevitable, melancholy disunion which comes in defeat. Recrimination is the only recourse of many men who wish to blame their misfortunes on anybody rather than themselves; it is also an occupation, and political exiles suffer above all things from the lack of anything to do except reflect upon the past. These considerations serve to explain the activity of Don Luís Araquistain, who plunged into polemical journalism the moment the war was over, and there are a number of others who argue and accuse in the same spirit. For these embittered and disputatious exiles the friends of the Republic must exercise a charitable patience, leavened by pity for men who once lived and have now made it impossible ever to live again. Araquistain and his little clique have committed political suicide: it was their own choice.

A much more significant disagreement is that which has arisen between Dr. Juan Negrín, the last Prime Minister of the Spanish Republic, and Don Indalecio Prieto, the former Minister of National Defense. This is not an argument about points of method in the past, although it arises partly from disagreements during the war; nor is it a simple personal struggle between men of strong character and opposing temperaments. It goes beyond all that. It is, essentially, a conflict of principles which will continue through the period of exile and must determine, or at least profoundly influ-

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ence, the course of events when constitutional government once more becomes possible in Spain. A sort of tacit plebiscite has taken place among the Spanish Republicans between these two principles, and the alignment would not be greatly altered even if the protagonists themselves, Prieto and Negrín, disappeared.

These principles are, I believe, equally realistic, and they involve the practical existence of the exiles as well as their possibilities in the future. The Negrín principle is one of combative optimism, aiming at a restoration of constitutional republican government in Spain whenever the Fascist interlude culminates in its inevitable disaster. The Prieto principle is pessimistic, consists in acceptance of defeat and in actual practise would lead to permanent emigration and settlement of Spanish Republicans with no hope of ever returning to their country or taking any part in its future development.

The two tendencies have been apparent inside the Republican ranks since early in the war and have risen to the surface with acrimonious insistence during the months since the defeat. A division of the remaining Republican funds has—by a series of accidents—taken place, and Don Indalecio Prieto finds himself master of a most conclusive argument, running into several millions of dollars. This argument proved most efficacious in a vote taken at the so-called Comisión Permanente de las Cortes Españolas in Paris on July 26, when Negrín was divested of his governmental function by a vote of fifteen to four, with two abstentions. The Comisión Permanente was the merest rump of the original body, called into session by Prieto, and containing no less than eleven deputies who had fled from Spain *before* the fall of the Republic. Its conclusions are, therefore, of the most doubtful authority, and Negrín has declared that he will not accept them. Even though the funds which have accidentally fallen into possession of Don Indalecio may be more important than those still held by the last Republican government, the latter will continue to exert its efforts for the care of the refugees and the retention of a political organization which can some day give powerful help to the anti-Fascist forces inside Franco's Spain. Prieto's partisans—the ablest of whom are some business men among the Basques—will use their resources for permanent banks, resettlement corporations and the like, which will help refugees and at the same time, no doubt, afford reasonable profits to the managers of the enterprise.

This division of the Republican forces merits the attention of all who are interested in Spain, including the Fascists, who have displayed (in Mexico City and in Paris) the keenest interest in the matter. Foreigners in sympathy with the Spanish anti-Fascist forces will be obliged to bear in mind that a good deal of information on the subject is zealously propagated by the friends of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini. This is especially true in Mexico City, where newspapers close to the German Legation have distinguished themselves by gleeful exploitation of every difficulty or disagreement between the Spanish refugees, and have welcomed the Prieto-Negrín dispute as manna from heaven.

Even so, the facts must be faced. Prieto will never come to an agreement with Negrín, although the latter has made great efforts, even going so far as to offer Prieto the executive direction of all organization for the refugees. Without abandoning all hope for the future of the Spanish Republic, Negrín cannot surrender to Prieto. The split is, therefore, permanent, and whatever is thought or done on this question must take it into account.

The personalities of Don Indalecio Prieto and of Dr. Negrín have played a great part in the development of the schism, although in my view it corresponds to a fundamental difference of opinion and would have arisen in any case—as it arose in Madrid during the fatal last days. Don Indalecio is a man of great ability and experience, an Asturian who has surrounded himself with Basques for so many years that he is practically himself a Basque, and shares the qualities of acumen and fierce independence which are characteristic of the Basques. He was a successful newspaper owner and parliamentary Socialist politician before the war, is clever at political maneuvers, knows intimately the persons and interests of Spanish partisan life and has the prestige of a long career in politics. His personal disillusionment and pessimism have been marked at all times, before, during and after the war. Here in Mexico City he has expressed himself with devastating frankness to his personal friends. He no longer believes in anything much. He is quoted by his friends as saying, "I am no longer a Socialist." He believes that democracy in all countries is fighting a losing battle and has no future. He has no faith in the people of Spain or, for that matter, the people of Mexico or any other country. What he would do with the funds at his disposal is simply to organize help for some refugees in the immediate emergency, forgetting the millions who are left to hunger and terror in Spain. He is apparently prepared to devote every penny that can be obtained to this purpose, on the assumption that the funds in question belong not to the Spanish people but to the Republican remnant which has emigrated and will emigrate, chiefly to Mexico.

Dr. Juan Negrín is an altogether different character. He comes of a wealthy family, was a distinguished physiologist before the war and has had nothing like Prieto's experience in the corridors and backstairs of parliamentary life. Prieto is a self-made man, suspicious, touchy and afflicted by manifestations of the inferiority-superiority complex. Negrín is a sort of combination of grand seigneur and intellectual, with immense personal courage, a good-humored attitude

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toward his opponents and an inflexible faith in the Spanish people and their future. The incompatibility between the two men is natural and deep, although Negrín's largeness of spirit is such that he does not seem to have noticed it for a long time. Negrín is, in addition, the creation of the war, politically speaking: he was the man for the grave crises and did not rise to the top until the occasion called for him, whereas Prieto has been a professional politician throughout his active life.

The differences between them broke out into a cabinet crisis in Barcelona early in April, 1938. The effect of Prieto's pessimism had been felt in the Republican ranks ever since the beginning of the war; in the dark days which followed on Franco's victory in Aragon it became impossible to retain the veteran Socialist politician as Minister of National Defense, and Negrín dismissed him. Prieto's gloomy communiqués, which he wrote himself and infused with his consistently despondent spirit had had a catastrophic effect on Republican morale, especially as they were augmented by disastrous rumors emanating from the Minister's own circle. He was quoted as saying the war was lost, and apparently did not scruple to say it to foreign diplomatic representatives who were then being asked to aid the Republic. In addition, his attempt to "reform" the Republican army on a professional basis by curtailing the functions of the political commissars had aroused bitter opposition and much dissension in the army itself, and was blamed by many soldiers for the collapse in Aragon. I remember those last days of Prieto's tenure of office very well, and I can testify that the soldiers at the front, shattered and hungry and in rags, had only one question upon which all their hope depended: "Has Prieto gone yet?" Negrín had no choice but to dismiss him. The retention of Prieto in the government would have meant either immediate surrender to Franco or a revolt of the army, which would have amounted to the same thing. And when Negrín assumed the portfolio of National Defense himself, the gasp of relief could be heard from one end of the front to the other. Prieto, refusing the embassy to Mexico or other offices, went into a retirement from which he emerged in December as the Republic's special envoy for the inauguration of the new Popular Front administration in Chile. On his way back he stopped in Mexico, gained the ear of President Cárdenas by his prestige and personality, and was the outstanding Spanish Republican notable in the New World when the Franco victory was taking place.

At this time (March 30, 1939) the yacht "Vita" arrived at Tampico with a cargo of treasures brought from France by a Republican group, chiefly Basques, who were friends of Prieto's. The treasure was the property of the Republic, but went into the possession of Prieto's friends upon reaching Mexico. Prieto also came into control of some of the Republic's foreign deposits at this time. Since then he has refused to acknowledge any authority but his own, and apparently designs to set up loan banks and other enterprises with the proceeds of this treasure when or if it can be sold. When Negrín, after a visit to New York, came to Mexico City and attempted to pool the Republican resources under a unified direction, Prieto refused to see him or even to enter into a detailed correspondence, although Negrín mobilized every mutual friend the two of them possessed in the effort to make peace and avoid a scandal.

Since then both Negrín and Prieto have gone to Paris, and the dubious Comisión Permanente recorded its vote on July 26. It seems very probable that a plebiscite among all the refugees would result in a vote strongly favorable to Negrín. The Socialist leaders, the UGT (trades unionists) and the Communist Party support Negrín, and some of the conservative Republicans, like Portela Valladares, abstain from an expression of preference. Even the President of the Republic, Don Manuel Azaña, is understood to be supporting his former Prime Minister. Prieto has his own group of Socialist politicians, some of the Basques who are his personal friends and a scattering of old-time parliamentarians and business men who are impressed by his business ability and by his possession of a treasure which cannot be correctly evaluated under present conditions. It appears that the two factions will operate independently, and Negrín's organization for dealing with the emigration of refugees, the SERE, is now to be opposed by Prieto's organization, the JARE. Under the circumstances Mexico, which has been the only country to welcome Spanish refugees with any friendliness, is reserving judgment, and it seems likely that no more refugees will be brought in there until the Spaniards themselves come to at least a working agreement on which organization does what and how.

Negrín's view of the problem is large, built on a national scale and would preserve the Republican cadres inside and outside Spain until the Fascist nightmare has come to its certain conclusion. Prieto, by taking the cash and letting the credit go, would leave Spain without any human alternative but sheer anarchy when Franco's adventure is over, although he might create opportunities for profit for certain of the more competent business men among the Centrist refugees. As to the refugees in Mexico, all of whom deplore this division between the leadership of the exiles, there seems little doubt that some will cluster around Prieto and the Basques, but most will remain loyal to Negrín and that government which fought the war to the last ditch with unparalleled courage and faith.

VINCENT SHEEAN

This is the first of three articles by Vincent Sheean on the Spanish Republicans. The second will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS

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The Employers and Mr. Bridges

THE FOCUS of San Francisco's attention is still, as it has been for two months, beautiful little Angel Island, where the cold eyes of Mr. James M. Landis watch a procession of witnesses in the hearings on the deportability of Mr. Harry Bridges, district president of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, and regional director of the CIO. San Francisco is talking at a great rate about the hearings, but in phrases bewildering to the uninitiated. "The way things have worked out it looks to me as if there's a little less chance now we'll have trouble." "Why, they've just put this fellow Bridges on a pedestal; he sure can make trouble now." "They haven't proved anything on him. There'll be trouble this fall."

But a San Franciscan asked directly if he thinks Bridges will be deported will almost invariably answer, "Hell, no!" That's not the trouble he's talking about. Very few think Dean Landis will hand Madam Perkins a report in any way unfavorable to "'Arry." The trouble that's lurking in San Francisco is a months-long waterfront strike or lockout.

The Bridges case has other important implications. Its effects on the procedure for deporting aliens may in future be considerable, for many people have been shocked to discover how unjudicial the usual proceeding is allowed to be. The case may result in an important decision as to whether an alien is deportable solely on the ground that he belongs to the Communist Party. But in San Francisco these considerations are pushed aside by the importance of the hearings in the struggle on the waterfront.

The hearings themselves convincingly demonstrate that this struggle is really at the bottom of the case. The defense has declared from the beginning that the attempt to deport Bridges was a "product of employer plans and employer money," concocted of manufactured evidence with the aid of blackmail and bribery. Bridges' counsel have made a devastating attack on the character of the most important government witnesses, and now they are steaming ahead in an attempt to prove the illegality of the means used to gather evidence against him. A recent defense witness, Garfield A. King, whose brother, Earl King, was one of the men convicted of second-degree murder in the "Point Lobos" case, has testified that an immigration-service official suggested that he would use influence to have his brother pardoned if Earl King would sign an affidavit establishing that Bridges was a Communist. Arthur C. Bundy has testified that he saw and heard William Browne, of the Portland, Oregon, Police Department, offer John L. Leech $5,000 for a similar affidavit.

The weight to be given this and much similar testimony must depend on the completed case and on Dean Landis' final report. But even a rapid examination of newspaper reports of the hearings up to now makes abundantly clear that Harry Bridges has been investigated and reinvestigated by a swarm of spies and officials—from Harper Knowles of the American Legion to the comically mysterious Captain Charles G. Bakcsy, whom Californians remember from several years ago when he was Red-hunting in Carmel under the name of Sharkey. If, even without awaiting the end of the hearings, labor readily draws the conclusion that the inspiration and the money for this task came from the employers, they have some justification in the usually unconcealed eagerness of the employers to get Bridges somehow. Mr. Almon E. Roth, president of the San Francisco Employers' Council, was recently quoted by Bridges in a letter to the Waterfront Employers' Association, as saying, "We have tried to make a Christian out of Bridges, but from now on it is a fight to the finish."

It is not an accident, the longshoremen think, that the deportation hearings are taking place at the same time as very difficult and protracted negotiations toward new contracts on the waterfront—all of which expire simultaneously September 30. Neither do they think it coincidental that the Dies committee announced last spring that it would investigate "Red activities" on the West Coast this fall. They have been familiar with the use of the Red scare to turn public opinion against the unions ever since the 1934 general strike.

The waterfront situation appears to be highly explosive. Briefly, it is that the unions are asking changes in their contracts to improve their wages, hours and conditions, and the employers have declared most emphatically that no changes will be granted. All waterfront contracts—both of unions affiliated to the Maritime Federation of the Pacific and of such independents as Mr. Harry Lundeberg's Sailors' Union of the Pacific—require that notice of unwillingness to renew them must be given a specified time in advance of the expiration of each contract. All summer the employers' associations have carried on a running fire of propaganda in the press to attempt to force the unions to let these dates pass, to renew the contracts as they stand. But in every case the unions have announced their intention of asking changes. Now all the contracts are open, and the key longshoremen's union has begun negotiations.

The employers are arguing that they are willing to let the old contracts stand, just to prevent trouble, and even though the old contracts haven't worked too well for them. They just can't see why the longshoremen —"with the best pay, hours and conditions for similar work anywhere in the world"—want to "stir up trouble."

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The longshoremen point out that they haven't had a wage raise since 1934, although the cost of living has risen considerably since then. They want to establish in the contract that the union will not force its members to walk through picket lines over which it has no control, on pain of expulsion, as the employers recently demanded. Most important of all, they are determined that they shall participate in working out the changes of conditions resulting from the introduction of new labor-saving machinery on the waterfront.

The labor-saving devices with which the employers undoubtedly hope to smash the longshoremen already exist and have been put into operation in a few Pacific Coast ports where the ILWU is weakest. One device is a loading platform on which truckloads of cargo are discharged, to be hoisted directly into the ship's hold without rehandling. A similar platform has already been used for loading cargo inland, outside the jurisdiction of the longshoremen, by unorganized men who will work for half a longshoreman's pay. This loaded platform is then trucked to the dock and hoisted into the hold by a few men. Bridges estimates that the use of these devices would cut the number of men employed on the docks by 20 to 25 percent. Since men are hired in rotation through the union halls, earnings are equalized; loss of 20 percent of the work would mean loss of 20 percent of each man's pay. The employers have threatened that if the present contracts are not renewed by September 30 they will shut down the port.

With an eye to the coming lockout the employers are attempting to confuse public opinion by other means than the Red scare. For example, Mr. Roth said a few weeks ago that the "personal ambitions of union leaders" would be the only reason for trouble on the waterfront this September, if there was to be any. And after a conference for negotiation with the ILWU leaders, Mr. Frank P. Foisie, president of the Waterfront Employers' Association, was reported as saying that the longshoremen weren't willing to negotiate until their proposed five amendments to the contract were accepted by the employers. Actually, it appeared later, the longshoremen wanted to negotiate on the basis of their proposed amendments, which the employers simply refused to consider.

It seems likely that the employers intend to fight now, because the prospects for labor unity in the San Francisco area are very definitely improving. Mr. Edward Vandeleur, secretary of the State Federation of Labor, will be opposed for reëlection this fall by Mr. Alexander Watchman, president of the San Francisco Building Trades Council, and respected throughout the city as a sincere middle-of-the-road liberal. Since Watchman can expect a large vote from the building trades throughout the state, Vandeleur (who no longer goes to conventions as a delegate from his own Streetcarmen's Union, but, like William Green, as a musician) must count on the support of the teamsters. But the teamsters, rather than take a chance with Vandeleur, whose strike-breaking and charter-lifting are thoroughly well known, appear to be rummaging about for another less obnoxious candidate. An indication is the recent action of Mr. Meyer Lewis, William Green's personal representative, in handing the Cannery Workers' Union over to the teamsters. This action puts the votes of the can workers—except in the case of a few progressive locals, whose delegates will have a hard time finding seats—under teamster control in the state convention. The votes will be of minor importance, since of the can workers' "official" membership of 65,000 it is estimated that two-thirds consists of highly imaginative lists on paper, but Vandeleur must be sad to lose control of them, especially since he himself organized the locals, under the twinkling eyes of the California Packing Corporation. Watchman will have an excellent chance to win against any conservative candidate, and his victory would make it even more difficult in future for the employers to smash the waterfront unions.

The other, less important, factor in regard to labor unity is the small but growing opposition to Mr. Lundeberg in the Sailors' Union. This union has always been so militant that, despite his reluctance to cooperate with anyone, Mr. Lundeberg has been forced to go out on strike with the other maritime unions. His strength in his own union is still great, but a vocal "unity" group in the rank-and-file should limit more and more his highly individualistic conception of trade-union tactics.

Time is working against the employers in these matters, and so they may be influenced to act now. And yet their position for a lockout does not seem as favorable as it did earlier in the summer. It is now doubtful that the Dies committee will come to San Francisco before the winter, and perhaps it will not come at all. In any case the La Follette committee's last-minute appropriation means that it will arrive to inspect the Associated Farmers. That will be the worst sort of publicity for San Fransisco's employers, even though some of them are insisting still that the Associated Farmers are just a bunch of hayseeds. But the factor in the present situation most discouraging to the employers is undoubtedly that their attempt to discredit Harry Bridges has been a failure. Mr. Foisie told Stanford University's business conference July 17 that "the only thing that would do any good is for Bridges and his crowd to be discredited." But his own candid and intelligent testimony has strengthened Bridges tremendously, both in the case and with public opinion. Though the Red scare has been raised in some degree by the hearings, it may be expected to wear off rapidly, especially if Dean Landis' report, as is expected, ends the possibility of Bridges' deportation.

San Francisco. JAMES BENÉT

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Washington Notes

Mr. du Pont Presents

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS BADLY is a congressional investigation of the Republican Party. Since it can be argued that the Republican Party, or at least its prospective financial backers, are un-American, Mr. Dies might reach for a fresh slice of publicity. If we could have testimony under oath about conversations now reportedly taking place between party leaders and business men, especially those in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh clubs, it might cause the rout of the stop-Roosevelt movement. What seems to be happening is that the cousins du Pont, assisted by a host of business friends in Sun Oil, Republic Steel, National Steel, Pittsburgh Plate Glass and other corporations, are in the midst of the nervous business of picking the lucky boy who will—so they think—be the next Republican President.

Short of congressional subpoenas and G-men's dictographs, there is no certain way of unearthing the exact facts, nor will there be until the du Pont grandsons, about 1989, turn the family letters over to graduate students in history. But when, at the recent Young Democrat meeting at Pittsburgh, Senator Claude Pepper said that next year's Republican nominee would be Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio, his statement was based on the best information of the Washington political spy service. According to this evidence, the three chief Republican aspirants, Messrs. Vandenberg, Dewey and Taft, have been appraised by the du Pont syndicate, and found to be of doubtful weight and fineness. As recorded earlier in these Notes, the du Ponts harbor a grievance toward Mr. Vandenberg for his impoliteness toward the old man of their tribe, Mr. Pierre du Pont, in the now forgotten Nye munitions investigation. Incredible as it may sound, their advisers are said to have informed them that Mr. Dewey is "a Republican Roosevelt." Apparently this is the result of a complete misunderstanding. On visits by du Pont emissaries, Mr. Dewey has put on his best prosecutor's manner, crouching tensely behind his desk and popping out his eyes, which has caused his visitors to feel needlessly apprehensive. At any rate, they supposedly have reported back to the du Ponts: "You can't tell what he will do." Senator Taft is considered as safe and steady as a baby's perambulator, but bull-headed and over-righteous.

If they are authentic, these judgments mean chiefly that the du Ponts, like careful business men, want guarantees of what they are about to buy. Doubtless they remember the 1936 Liberty League and Governor Landon. The truth is that men with as much political strength as Messrs. Vandenberg, Dewey and Taft now are inacceptable as big-business candidates. The du Pont group would feel safer with a man who would owe his nomination and election to them alone, and who would let them pick his Cabinet and decide his policies—a description that accurately enough fits Governor Bricker. Their ideal, of course, was Mr. Harding.

It is possible that Senator Pepper's speech at Pittsburgh, and other New Deal attacks now being planned, will cause big business to drop Governor Bricker. Soon after Mr. Pepper spoke, Tory newspapers in the East, with remarkable unanimity, put forward the name of Mr. Justice Roberts. In recent decisions, Justice Roberts has gained the reputation of an intermittent liberal, but not many years ago he held, among many other business honors, a directorship of the A. T. and T., and was the darling of the same clubs where the Philadelphia associates of the du Ponts are now arranging the purchase of the Republican Party. The grand strategy of the du Pont group is plain. They want a deadlocked Republican convention, and a hand-picked candidate. Even if they are finally obliged to agree to Vandenberg, Dewey or Taft, they will first obtain an assignment of his political and moral assets.

According to reports reaching Washington, the Hatch law forbidding federal office-holders to take part in politics has struck with grievous force many New Deal supporters. Half a dozen national committeemen have resigned, or announced they would resign, from governmental jobs, and the mortality among small fry has been heavy. But, as experienced observers predicted, the political consequences have been nil, except for a devouring rage against Vice President Garner throughout the Democratic organization. In each county and state, whoever decided on patronage is still the boss. He will choose the delegates to next year's Democratic convention.

I have been hearing about Mr. Garner's celebrated "bureau of education," his sturdy horse-sense, his deft political instinct, ever since the split in the Democratic Party first appeared. Perhaps one of his idolaters will explain what he gained by the Hatch Law. While it was pending in Congress, the New Deal office-holders who are now obliged to resign filled the Washington air with lamentations. Momentarily Mr. Roosevelt was embarrassed. Mr. Garner is rightfully entitled to the satisfaction of a small boy who sticks out his tongue at teacher. But it is extremely doubtful if it will subtract a single delegate for the New Deal at the 1939 convention. This seems an insufficient result from the only legislative measure that Mr. Garner has publicly supported in six years.

Low-cost-housing advocates in the administration have rechecked their polls of Congress, and say confidently that the $800,000,000 appropriation for the USHA, defeated last month, can be enacted as soon as the new session meets in January. The appropriation was lost primarily because of the mood of snarling destruction that took possession of Congress in the days just before adjournment. But many New Dealers are also inclined to blame the manner in which the appropriation was defended before Congress. USHA spokesmen gave the impression that their program would be paid for by some sort of legerdemain, that it would be self-liquidating and even return a profit. They thus exposed themselves—their friendly New Deal critics believe—to the ferocious attack made on them by handsome, ambitious, thirty-one-year-old Representative Gore of Tennessee, whose speech admittedly gave the appropriation its deathblow. As most readers know, it is true that USHA loans are fully repaid by the local housing authorities to which they are made, but the federal government also pledges itself to annual subsidies considerably larger than the

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amounts paid back to it. At the next session, New Dealers hope that the USHA will rest its case on the simple humanitarian ground that slums are a disgrace to the nation and a danger to democracy, that there is no likely way of cleaning them up without federal money, that the net subsidy required under the USHA program has proved to be only $115 a family, or less than $25 a person and that this amount is being progressively decreased as the USHA succeeds in finding a more efficient technique of building.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

First-Person Singular

ON THE MORNING of Wednesday, August 23, I found myself near the newsstand in front of Trinity Church on Broadway opposite Wall. There I met a gentleman I had not seen in some years. He was on his way to the boardroom of a stock-exchange house nearby and he paused long enough to let off steam about the perfidy of Russia. He was in a state of unrelieved choler at Stalin's desertion, as he called it, of England and France. He had been afraid from the first that Chamberlain was making a mistake playing with such cattle. What could he expect? All they were thinking about was their own selfish interests.

I asked him what he thought the market was going to do. Well, he had that all doped out. He had been studying his stocks for months because he knew war was coming. He had gone over the situation in 1914 carefully and he had his plan all worked out. He felt that by following it resolutely he could clean up.

I suggested to him delicately that I felt sure he had made his own arrangements with a view to steadying the market and aiding the country as far as he could. No. It seemed he had made them wholly with a view to serving his own interests. I suggested that perhaps that was what Russia had done. But that, he said, was different.

It would be an affectation to blame my friend for rushing down to Wall Street to make such dispositions in view of the war as suited his special interests. And so one wonders why Russia is so culpable. As a matter of fact the war scare was the signal for every nation and every community and every business man and every individual—or nearly everyone—to ask the question—what about Me? Where do I get off in this mess? And a number of patriots go further and ask—how can I or my firm make some money out of this business?

Thousands of investors and speculators on Tuesday decided that the Russian plan to sign a non-aggression pact was good for business, meant no war—hence they went into the market and bought; but by Wednesday they or other thousands came to the conclusion that it was not good for business and so they sold. Nobody expects them to buy or sell their stocks on the basis of helping the world. But one must ask why they have any special monopoly to shape their course in conformity with their interests, while Russia must stick by England.

The politicians in this country are all asking themselves—or at least many are—how can we capitalize this war? How is the cat going to jump here? That's what Russia did.

The farmers and wheat people shot up the price of wheat—got it up five cents, in fact, in a day. They are talking about holding wheat—to help the democracies? Bless you, no! To get some money out of them—that's the reason. Quite human and natural! But also based wholly on personal, selfish interests.

Even in England the holders of Polish bonds began to dump them, thus depressing Polish securities and, doubtless, Polish credit. All quite in accordance with well known human nature. The locomotive engineers in England insisted they would continue to strike for higher pay and would tie up the roads if they could. To save old England's democracy? To prevent the partition of poor Poland? No, indeed! To get higher pay—which they ought to have, to be sure. But this is not a move dictated by unselfish interests, as Russia's moves, it seems, should be dictated.

It is only a year ago that good old Neville went to Munich and literally opened the door to Hitler to move east—took him off England's neck and dumped him on Russia's doorstep. Now Stalin has tossed him back to Chamberlain. And when Hitler made his rush into Czecho-Slovakia—truly democratic Czecho-Slovakia—almost the first of the vultures to swoop down upon the disintegrating carcass was Poland, which rushed in and took Teschen.

And now even the Chinese—or rather a number of the Chinese leaders—hail the German-Soviet pact. Because it will help Poland and Rumania and France? By no means. But because they feel it will now leave Russia free to send more assistance to the Chinese.

Russia took her position precisely upon the same type of consideration. Stalin does not care a hoot about the democracies or about England and France—or Poland. But he does not want Russia in war. Suppose Germany and Poland and England and France and Italy go to war and Stalin can keep out of it—is there not an excellent chance of all these nations crushing themselves? Which one of them would he have to fear after it had fought a major war? Does it occur to the reader that a pact in which Germany agrees not to take sides against Russia is, if Hitler lives up to it, an agreement not to aid Japan in the event of hostilities in the Far East? If Stalin could not get England as an ally in the East the next best thing was to keep Germany out.

However, as I write, it seems a matter of hours before the guns boom—unless someone backs down. The sound of those guns will be the signal for two things. First, people here will go hay-wire and stop thinking with their heads. Second, it will be extremely dangerous to write or speak honestly and rationally. Presently everything will become dramatized. The world will split off into black and white.

It might be an excellent idea, therefore, for the politicians to turn for a moment from their politicianing and the press to look away for a brief pause from their circulation and realize that both have an immense responsibility to keep the minds of the American people free, as far as possible, from misinformation, propaganda, emotional lashing.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Because Heywood Broun is still on vacation, his column is omitted this week. — THE EDITORS

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It's Not the Humidity . . .

DIRECTORS AND WRITERS change, sometimes even the story changes; but a picture with Ginger Rogers in it is simply a Ginger Rogers picture. This time the title is "Fifth Avenue Girl," and the main support is Walter Connolly, which is all to the good; Gregory La Cava (producer-director) has done pictures like "Stage Door," but also is occasionally found with one foot on top of the other. And everyone is at the mercy of a weak script, the unrolling of which I shall not attempt to trace here. It's enough to say that Miss Rogers is put in a false position (but clean) by a rich man who employs her to bring a straying and wacky family back to their senses; and it's a little rough on the feelings of everybody.

There are the pleasant comedy stretches we expect of a GR film—the seals at feeding time, the night-club sequence, etc. There are the wicked verbal jabs that Miss Rogers can trade with anybody in the world; there is the funny butler. It fails to be a "Bachelor Mother" because it will get raucous and mean to people to get a laugh—which like as not sounds hollow when it comes. In the brief bit of the labor-union conference it gives a fair idea of what contract negotiations must look like to an employer; but in the deliberate characterizing of the class-conscious chauffeur, it gives the weirdest version of radicalism ever seen outside of "Soak the Rich." Useless to get worked up over it, unless that is your profession, for it is so stupid and wide of the mark as to suggest the pitcher who got beaned with his own outcurve: those who laugh at this slapstick agitation are those irreclaimables who still grin and dribble at the cartoon with the bomb and the whiskers. This is not important in the picture, but it is important as an example of how desperately the picture tries to get together with itself. In this crooked mile Ginger Rogers plays a straight part, and everyone is familiar with her peculiar and happy grace by now. I couldn't say it was a bad picture. I won't say it is a good picture. I'm not talking, see?

Manhattan-to-Hollywood Transfer.—I think probably the movies have made something more solid out of "The Women," a play of bright though depressing bitchery. But the picture runs two hours and a quarter, which is inexcusable in itself, and it features Norma Shearer in some of the most incessant weeping and renunciation since Ann Harding—which may not be inexcusable but is no fun for me. It is a holiday from Hays all right: there is more wicked wit than Hollywood has been allowed since "The Front Page," and half the girls practically live in Reno (where the other half send them). There is a general tolerance of overplaying and a drippy, glucose quality to some of the scenes which suggest better direction could have made it tighter and dryer; but when things are going they really go—which is in general all through the venomous parts. The script keeps a logic of its own in spite of sprawling; the dialogue crackles; the cast is very expensive and pretty good. Whether you go or not depends on whether you can stand Miss Shearer with tears flooding steadily in two directions at once, and such an endless damn back-fence of cats.

"The Old Maid" is a pretty dated stage play done over carefully and expensively for the movies. It is better than average and sticks heroically to its problem, forsaking all delights and filling a whole laundry bag with wet and twisted handkerchiefs. The idea is to have Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis fight over an old love affair until an illegitimate daughter has grown up and been safely married at what sacrifice we don't have to guess. It is well produced, and could possibly have achieved its purpose of tearing our hearts out if the writing had been less overemphasized and undernourished. As it stands, its two real contributions to gayety don't have to be seen to be appreciated. One is the way the Hays office doesn't object to a girl's being put in the way if a very big producer explains that it was only a little-little baby (though by context it wasn't even love but a sort of absent-minded quick one). The other is the blowing up into a deep and tragic theme of an old song that agreed with the girl's name all right (Clementine), but that will never be heard without its peculiar lyric color—"In a cabin in the canyon, excavating for a mine"—"Light she was and as a fairy, and her shoes were number nine," etc.

Odd-End Department.—"In Name Only" gives handsome and serious attention to the problem of the scheming wife and how to get shut of her, with nice Carole Lombard-Cary Grant comedy bits along the way, which nevertheless seems a long way. Possibly Hollywood is allowed such mentions of divorce and illegitimacy because Hollywood as a good child shows its heart is in the right place by going to the extent of making Joseph Calleia a kindly priest—that is to say, to any extent—in a picture like "Full Confession," the whole point of which seems to be a proof that there is nothing more religious than religion, especially Legion-of-Decency religion. Victor McLaglen makes a good study of the sub-mental; honors divide up about evenly between medium shots of albs and altars and close-ups of a face that looks like something the floodwaters have receded from. And if it isn't a good picture, why that is not what they were trying to make anyway.

Change-in-the-Weather Department.—I hadn't really enjoyed a picture, in spite of assorted merits, until I came to "Jamaica Inn"—which has assorted defects. It represents Alfred Hitchcock and Charles Laughton laboring under story difficulties and Charles Laughton—who is too large for a Hitchcock type. It is not at all in the brilliant plausibility of Hitchcock unlikelihood: Laughton as the impoverished squire, living magnificently by running a gang of ship-wreckers and murderers, with the Inn, the pirates, the sailing ships and treasure all out of Stevenson. But in spite of some creaky motivation, it is true enough in general outline and in the part of Laughton absolutely genuine, meaningful beyond Stevenson (and probably the book itself). It has suspense and a good run of motion. It has a fine tone—the Inn and the doings there, the coaches and night roads, the English types Hitchcock knows so well how to keep both vivid and credible. (The squire's house is too magnificent for anything short of an Earl.) What it is above everything else is true to its form, without pretensions but without fawning. Better movies can be made, and have been; more ambitious movies are being made all over the place without half the honest picture skill, consequently without half the audience satisfaction and freedom from pose.

OTIS FERGUSON

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The Bandwagon

Dies Committee on Ways and Means

Told that Nazi Germany intends eventually to gobble up the United States, the Dies committee centered its attention today upon how this might be brought about. – *An Associated Press dispatch from Washington, D. C., in The Chicago Daily News.*

Danger, Men Working!

Conscription and reëmployment [in Great Britain] have cut unemployment to the danger point (five percent is widely considered a necessary reserve of labor). – *From an article on Britain's war-and-business boom, in Business Week.*

The French They Are a Funny Race

The fall in the [French] birth rate, perhaps, represents to some extent a racial tendency—that is to say that those who would like to have children do not have them; but it is almost certainly, to a large extent, the result of the deliberate action of individuals. – *From an interview with Henri Chomard, professor of Political Economy, printed in The New York Times.*

Or Not Eating

Here is a recent news item from London: "I believe that Karl Marx's book on capital is due to the fact that he was accustomed to have his lunch in the British Museum," said Prof. Elton Mayo, of Harvard University, in a speech here today. . . . We've often been astounded to note how swiftly the spiritual clouds will roll away after a couple of cocktails and a good meal. . . . But to hark back to Karl Marx—if you're inclined to feel that the world is all wrong and ought to be revamped from the roots up, you might ask yourself whether that is the real trouble, or whether you're merely eating too much carbohydrate and too little protein or vice versa. – *From an editorial in Collier's Weekly.*

High Praise from Faint Places

The Japanese credit the United States with possessing a higher sense of morality than any other nation except their own. – *From a Tokyo dispatch by Frank Hedges in The New York Times.*

I-Won't-Work Department

The mass of socialistic legislation rushed through Congress in the last six years was deliberately devised by the Communist Party, under Moscow supervision, to throw the American nation into industrial chaos and bankruptcy. We Communists, not the so-called New Dealers, first advocated this mass of destructive legislation, and we did it not because we thought it would work, but because we knew it wouldn't. – *From an article, "I Was a Communist in the USA," by Comrade X in Liberty.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Mr. Bingham's Intent

SIR: It is exciting to learn from Mr. Harris Lloyd Rubin's letter, in your issue of August 23, that he is engaged in examining the papers of John A. Bingham, which pertain to the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment; and everyone interested in the subject will await with interest the report on Mr. Rubin's findings. But he is a bit hard on John Chamberlain, when he inquires "how anyone can pass judgment [on the meaning of the Amendment] without ever having examined the manuscript materials." It is fair to say that other people beside Mr. Rubin have made some study of the Fourteenth Amendment. One of them is Howard Jay Graham, whose important report is published in The Yale Law Journal, January and December, 1938. Mr. Rubin's report on the "intent" of the Amendment will be interesting and doubtless important—based as it will be on manuscript materials. But quite a number of important things about the intent of the Fourteenth Amendment are already known. On the subject we have a higher authority than even Mr. Rubin, namely John A. Bingham himself. In a speech delivered in Congress in 1871 Bingham expounded the purpose or intent of his clause of the Amendment. If Mr. Rubin finds a different exposition in Bingham's private papers, we shall then have to choose between Bingham's public professions and his private opinions.

CHARLES A. BEARD

New Milford, Conn.

New America's Policy

SIR: Your readers may be interested to see the statement adopted by the National Policy Council of New America on July 4, 1939, after a referendum among the entire membership of New America:

The American people must compel Congress and the President to adopt a foreign policy based on these principles:

1. No American participation in any war except in case of direct attack upon our coasts and borders and the strategic points surrounding them: i. e., the Aleutian Islands, Hawaii, the Panama Canal area and the islands of the Caribbean.

2. Imposing by congressional action of an embargo upon loans, credits and sale of armaments, materials for the manufacture of armaments, or materials for use in war to any nation at war except peoples struggling to free themselves from the restrictions of feudal, imperialist and finance-monopoly controls, whether imposed from within or by aggression from without.

3. The establishment of the principle in legislation of extending economic aid by congressional action on a case-by-case basis to peoples struggling to free themselves from the restrictions of feudal, imperialist and finance-monopoly controls, whether imposed from within or by military aggression from without. Such economic aid shall include opening of our markets and the extension of loans and credits.

4. Forbidding the use of American ships for transporting goods to such peoples.

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5. Limiting American armaments and armed forces to those clearly required for the defense of our coasts and borders and the strategic points surrounding them: i. e., the Aleutian Islands, Hawaii, the Panama Canal area and the islands of the Caribbean.

6. Public ownership of the armaments industry.

7. Defeat of all industrial mobilization bills and maintenance of full civil liberties at all times.

The basis of this foreign policy must be a domestic program which will unleash the forces of production in this country and apply all of our human and natural resources to meeting the needs of the American people.

This integrated foreign and domestic program is the only means by which the American people can aid immediately the cause of democracy and peace throughout the world. To be effective it must be used with a clear understanding of its objectives and as part of the struggle of the American people at home to extend democratic control over their own economic and political system. The close interrelation between the right foreign policy and the right domestic program is clearly revealed by the fact that to cut off American resources from imperialist powers engaged in war can only become fully practical when people's control over the economic system is established in this country. Whatever the issues pressing upon America from abroad, the struggle to extend democracy at home remains the central issue facing the American people today.

This statement of policy forms the conclusion of a longer statement and analysis which New America has printed as a "Peace Policy for the American People." This longer statement can be obtained by writing to: Thomas H. Wright, 3929 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, enclosing a three-cent stamp.

THOMAS H. WRIGHT, national director
RICHARD S. CHILDS, national chairman
Chicago, Ill. National Policy Council of New America

There's Needles in Them Thar Haystacks

SIR: Why don't you print cartoons? My wife and I, who love The New Republic, keep explaining to our friends, a charming but faintly illiterate little band, that it's a relief these days to read a magazine that is all reading. But in our hearts we feel you have a duty: to unearth, create or discover the American Low. Surely one blushes unknown somewhere within these borders; a drugstore clerk, perhaps, an air-mail pilot, a sports cartoonist or a commercial fashion artist. Why don't you find him or, maybe, her?

Minneapolis, Minn. PETER PAULOS

Crank Case

SIR: Let me tell "B. B." that there is a whole lot more to becoming a good crank than commandeering a page in The New Republic (August 16) to talk about your intentions. Good cranks are born, not made; they act, don't talk about it and the fact that you are able to grind out reflective paragraphs on the subject leads me to believe that there are not in you the makings of a first-rate crank.

Take your proposed technique in dealing with rude fellow motorists. This loud-speaker stuff, I mean. A good crank can deal capably with traffic offenders without any amplification whatever. Loud speakers indeed!

This waiting around at other people's houses for dinner, too. We don't carry any sandwiches with us. We give a little leeway —ten minutes or so—and then walk out to the kitchen and commence eating whatever is lying around. . . .

We don't eat out by invitation very much, of course. We use the restaurants instead and have learned how to handle the annoyance of having the waitress serve the meal and then disappear without leaving the check. We just walk out past the cashier's desk and toss fifteen cents on the counter, remarking, "We didn't get any check. That's about what it was worth." . . .

I don't know how general this business of being mistaken for a floor-walker when you go into a store without a hat is, but if any of your friends are annoyed in this fashion tell them how I solved the problem. I was in the elevator at the ground floor one day, hatless, and a woman spied me and asked, "What floor will I find corselettes on?"

I looked at her for a moment, then reached over and patted her where a corselette would do most good. "Madam," I said, "you don't need a corselette. Diet and exercise are for you." . . .

Well, I suppose we ought to get up an organization of cranks, but good cranks are lone wolves and fundamentally opposed to regimentation. Perhaps a loose association would be better, with some word from time to time in The New Republic about what is new in the field.

Oak Park, Ill. J. F. BAILEY

Mexico's Democracy

SIR: Let me assure you, only a person who, like Mr. Ralph Bates, had been in Mexico a mere six months would begin an article ("Mexico's 1940," August 9 and 16) by saying "Mexico is a democracy." Mexico—that is, the political clique at the capital—is trying hard to become a democracy; but I'll bet that Cárdenas himself wouldn't attempt to call it one. . . . How can a country be a democracy when only a very small proportion, those living close to the plateau, know what form of government they are even supposed to possess, much less what they, the people, are supposed to have selected? The Minister of Education admits that of the supposed 16,000,000 people (admitting too, of course, that no accurate census has ever been attempted) only 4,000,000 can be counted on to sign their names. . . .

Even granted that a fourth of the population is literate, what sort of votes does Mr. Bates think will be cast by the large number of Indians who do not speak Spanish and have never heard of Cortés or Cárdenas? How will the vote be taken in the Negro villages along the west coast, where run-away slaves revert to African ways and language? . . . How will it be done in the coffee jungles of Chiapas where the men are rounded up for the harvest like cattle and kept under guard in corrals? Surely, these people are as Mexican as any creole in the capital! If Mexico is a democracy, the people must be aware of it, take their part in it. . . .

University City, Mo. EDNA R. MOSER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Edward Hunter of New York City wants to keep the record straight about who first predicted the Soviet-German alliance. He says he did in Ken, October 20, 1938. . . . Jule Brousseau of Snedens Landing, Palisades, New York, on the other hand, says firmly that the Stalin-Hitler pact will not be signed, in a letter dated August 23: "In three or four days I expect an immense rise in the prestige of the USSR."

Bernard Stern of Brooklyn, New York, who has "the utmost respect for Mordecai Ezekiel's far-sightedness in the sphere of economic thought," writes that his "Over the Horizon" (August 23) shows "a lack of political acumen." Mr. Stern doesn't think the leaders of industry could be persuaded to join in such a program. . . . Eugene A. Cox of Lewiston, Idaho, offers Mr. George Seldes a nomination for the list of "capitalist enterprise" newspapers which print the news fairly. It is his hometown paper, The Lewiston Morning Tribune. . . . Igal Roodenko of New York City was reminded of a song the Negro workers in the Florida Everglades sing by our editorial "Sad Little Note on Puerto Rico" (August 23). The refrain goes: "I'd rather be a Florida mule than a Georgia freeman."

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Rilke in English

NOT THE LEAST INTERESTING phenomenon of the last four years has been the growing influence of Rilke upon English poetry: indeed, Rilke is probably more read and more highly esteemed by English and Americans than by Germans, just as Byron and Poe had a greater influence upon their German and French contemporaries than upon their compatriots.

It is presumptuous to pretend that one can ever really judge poetry written in a foreign language: one can only define the impression it makes upon oneself. With the appearance of this translation of the "Duino Elegies," [1] which, with the Orpheus Sonnets, form the final flower of his work, the bulk of Rilke's poetry is now available in English, and it is possible to attempt such a definition.

Rilke's most immediate and obvious influence has been upon diction and imagery. One of the constant problems of the poet is how to express abstract ideas in concrete terms. The Elizabethans solved it for their generation by an anthropomorphic identification:

> That fell sergeant strait in his arrest

the Metaphysicals for theirs by an intellectual ingenuity of wit:

> For in your beauty's orient deep
> These flowers, as in their causes, sleep

With the exception of Blake, the poets of the succeeding two centuries found no fitting solution: in consequence they are weakest whenever they attempt to deal with abstractions. They were content to state the latter abstractly, with the result that their poetry too often degenerates into preaching.

Rilke is almost the first poet since the seventeenth century to find a fresh solution. His method is the direct opposite to that of the Elizabethans but, like them and unlike the Metaphysicals, he thinks in physical rather than intellectual symbols. While Shakespeare, for example, thought of the non-human world in terms of the human, Rilke thinks of the human in terms of the non-human, of what he calls Things (*Dinge*), a way of thought which, as he himself pointed out, is more characteristic of the child than of the adult. To the former, tables, dolls, houses, trees, dogs, etc., have a life which is just as real as their own or that of their parents. Indeed, as a rule children think of life in terms of things and animals rather than in terms of people: a conscious interest in people does not commonly begin until adolescence.

> If you can manage it, return with a portion of your weaned and grown-up feeling to any one of the things of your childhood with which you were much occupied. Consider whether there was anything at all that was closer, more intimate and necessary to you than such a Thing. . . . Was it not with a Thing that you first shared your little heart, like a piece of bread that had to suffice for two?

[1] Duino Elegies, by Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 130 pages. $2.

Thus one of Rilke's most characteristic devices is the expression of human life in terms of landscape:

> O Mädchen,
> dies: das wir liebten in uns, nicht Eines, ein
> Künstiges, sondern
> das zahllos Brauende, nicht ein einzelnes Kind,
> sondern die Väter, die wie Trümmer Gebirgs
> uns im Grunde beruhn; sondern das trockene Flussbett
> einstiger Mütter; sondern die ganze
> lautlose Landschaft unter dem wolkigen oder
> reinen Verhängnis: dies kam dir, Mädchen, zuvor.
>
> Oh, Maid,
> *this:* that we've loved, *within* us, not one, still to
> come, but all
> the innumerable fermentation, not just a single child,
> but the fathers, resting like mountain ruins
> within our depths—but the dry river-bed
> of former mothers—yes, and the whole of that
> soundless landscape under its cloudy or
> cloudless destiny: *this* got the start of you, maid.

It is this kind of imagery which is already beginning to appear in English poetry (*e. g.*, in Stephen Spender's "Napoleon in 1814") and is likely, I think, to become commoner.

But Rilke's influence is not confined to certain technical tricks. It is, I believe, no accident that as the international crisis becomes more and more acute, the poet to whom writers are becoming increasingly drawn should be one who felt that it was pride and presumption to interfere with the lives of others (for each is unique and the apparent misfortunes of each may be his very way of salvation); one who occupied himself consistently and exclusively with his own inner life; one who wrote:

> Art cannot be helpful through our trying to keep and specially concerning ourselves with the distresses of others, but in so far as we bear our own distresses more passionately, give now and then a perhaps clearer meaning to endurance, and develop for ourselves the means of expressing the suffering within us and its conquest more precisely and clearly than is possible to those who have to apply their powers to something else.

This tendency is not to be dismissed with the cheery cry "defeatism." It implies not a denial of the importance of political action, but rather the realization that if the writer is not to harm both others and himself, he must consider, and very much more humbly and patiently than he has been doing, what kind of person he is, and what may be his real function. When the ship catches fire, it seems only natural to rush importantly to the pumps, but perhaps one is only adding to the general confusion and panic: to sit still and pray seems selfish and unheroic, but it may be the wisest and most helpful course.

A review is not the place to discuss Rilke's ideas in detail. There are curious similarities between them and those of D. H. Lawrence. Both envied the undivided consciousness of the animals, both were obsessed by the idea of Death (*cf.* Lawrence's "Ship of Death" with the "Tenth Elegy"), both, to use terms common to Lawrence and Rilke's friend Kassner, looked back to the physical aristo-

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cratic world of the Father rather than forward to the spiritual democratic world of the Son, and were consequently hostile to Christianity, both even were excited by the same Etruscan tombs. But what is important for us and future writers is not the truth or falsehood of their conclusions, but their conception of the writer's real task and the lifelong and humble devotion which they brought to it.

What a scholar's opinion of these translations may be I do not know and do not very much care. There is no such thing as a perfect translation; it is a job that has to be redone for every generation. But I am confident that this translation by Mr. Leishman and Mr. Spender will remain definitive for our own.

W. H. AUDEN

Books in Review

Thirty-Eight Humanists

READING the thirty-eight personal philosophies that have been assembled in "I Believe," [1] one inevitably thinks of the riddle of the physicist: "You can't know how fast you're going unless you know where you are, and you can't know where you are unless you know how fast you're going." But most of Mr. Fadiman's contributors do know where they'd like to be. They would like to live in a world where speech is free, where the opportunity to work, eat and raise a family is not too elusive, and where the compulsions of militarism are nonexistent. They believe, in short, in man. Yet almost all of them are perplexed by the speed with which recent political events seem to be eating into all possible physical and moral bases for such a belief. The semanticists in Mr. Fadiman's troupe just manage to get the referents for "belief" and "man" pinned down when—whoosh!—a Munich, or a victorious Franco, or a war-lusting Japanese high command, or some new kind of democratic hara-kiri comes along to rob generalizations about faith in the human species of any concrete support. The net effect of the symposium, then, is of a little group of sensitive and urbane people huddling together for warmth over a fire that threatens any moment to flicker out. Only a few of the huddlers seem to have concrete suggestions to offer about gathering more fuel.

Twenty-one of the "living philosophies" assembled by Mr. Fadiman are brand new; seventeen are the "revised" philosophies of men who contributed to a similar symposium in the halcyon time of 1931. Thirteen of the contributors are English; eighteen are American; three are German exiles; two are Chinese; two are French. Yet "national" divisions matter very little: between the ironic philosophical anarchism of E. M. Forster (who would sooner betray a state than a friend) and the bland communism of John Strachey (whose mind, like Marx's, is at its best when it is analyzing the workings of capitalism) there is even less in common than there is between James Thurber and John Dewey. A block of English contributors—Strachey, W. H. Auden, Harold Laski, J. B. S. Haldane, Beatrice Webb and possibly Lancelot Hogben and Bertrand Russell—believe in some form of socialism. Yet Hogben's "scientific humanism" scorns "old-school-tie" socialists and has only contempt for the dialectical materialism of Strachey and Haldane. The two Chinese—Lin Yutang and Hu Shih—combine honor for Chinese sages with a nationalism that denies traditional Chinese passivism. Of the German exiles, Einstein is pathetically resigned for himself yet hopeful for humanity, Emil Ludwig uses words ("I see God in the pleading look of a dog as well as in the lovely bosom of a woman") that would drive Stuart Chase to distraction and Korzybski, and Thomas Mann is eloquent about his new humanism. The French—Jules Romains and Jacques Maritain—defend, respectively, their doctrines of *unanimisme* and liberal Catholicism.

And now—take a long breath and make ready for the semi-colons!—for the Americans, who luxuriate in diversity. Franz Boas (an emigrant from the Germany of 1848) is particularly interested in combatting Nazi nonsense about "race"; Pearl Buck (who has lived most of her life in the so-called "fatalistic" Orient) writes a glowing defense of man as a free moral agent; Stuart Chase studies his reactions to seven specific situations before proclaiming his belief in the same sort of "scientific humanism" that attracts Lancelot Hogben; Ellen Glasgow, just and coolly elegant, states her belief in a "saving remnant"; Vilhjalmur Stefansson (of Icelandic ancestry) tells how happy the Eskimos are when they live on meat and practise the "anarchist communism" of the Stone Age; George Santayana (Spanish, with a Boston upbringing) seems to push his ironic naturalism to a point that makes acceptance of any philosophy a matter of pure esthetic preference; James Thurber oscillates betwen belief in Robert Browning and a willingness to sell out his species to the black panther and the cedar waxwing; Hendrik Van Loon laughs and girds his ample loins against the Goebbelses of this world; James Truslow Adams thinks everything would be all right if everybody would follow the Golden Rule; John Dewey asks for a revival of social philosophies that stress voluntary coöperation as against belief in any form of state socialism; Lewis Mumford looks around him for effective allies in the fight against fascism; Irwin Edman keeps his metaphysics above the battle but is willing to fight for the right to speak, write and—in Maury Maverick's language—eat regular; Theodore Dreiser gets involved in the mazes of solipsism; Joseph Wood Krutch, still the pessimist, thinks it better to be able to talk freely about pessimism than live under gag law; Julia Peterkin refers us to her 1931 credo; Robert A. Millikan forgets both physics and Christianity to defend free speech; George Jean Nathan announces that he is for democracy on a *faute de mieux* basis; and H. L. Mencken sticks to his 1931 belief that government is the enemy of all competent and well disposed men.

[1] I Believe: The Personal Philosophies of Certain Eminent Men and Women of Our Times, edited with an introduction and biographical notes by Clifton Fadiman. New York: Simon and Schuster. 429 pages. $3.75.

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The lesson to be derived from this babel is a little elusive. Yet, as Mr. Fadiman points out in his foreword, there is nothing in the volume "for those in love with death or who have little but contempt for the aspiring spirit of man." Even Mr. Strachey, who would presumably countenance the forcible suppression of the seven-to-ten percent who control the mills and the power stations and the communications upon which modern life depends, is, in the final analysis, a believer in the Great Revolution of the eighteenth century, the revolution of the "Rights of Man." Everyone in the volume is agreed on opposing the revolution of Mussolini-Hitler, which denies the root assumptions of 1776 and 1789. As to the ways and means of opposition, however, there is a vast difference. Haldane and Strachey would fight, while Bertrand Russell thinks there is no use in armed opposition to fascism. With a sweep back through the centuries, Russell notes that nobody won the religious wars of the seventeenth century. Not until *both* sides in the struggle that went back to Luther and Loyola became bored with martial tension was the way prepared for the toleration and the intellectual *douceur de la vie* of the eighteenth century. If there is a moral here, humanists can do little but wait for the storm to blow itself out.

As to the attitude of the reviewer he can only say that he fears Russell may be right so far as Europe is concerned. But America is not necessarily faced with Europe's choices. Here the eighteenth-century heritage is safe—provided that people like Mr. Mencken, whose hearts are in the right place, can be persuaded to dig a little deeper. Limited government is fine, sure; but if the means of production are hogged by a few—if, in brief, we have *unlimited* government of economic resources—we will shortly discover that economic overlords have bought out the State for their own unlimited uses. We want limitation all around, lest—paradoxically—the quality and quantity of our enjoyment of life be limited by tyrants. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Strangest Places

Small Beer, by Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.
The Strangest Places, by Leonard Q. Ross. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

SINCE LUDWIG BEMELMANS had his "War with the United States," he has gone back in one book ("Life Class") to previous events in his life, and now covers territory up to the present—all in his odd crabwise fashion, of course. Connected narrative and the thorough dossier are not his dish; neither is the practice of fiction. You might have thought from the sketchy reminiscent quality of his first book that he was a one-shot author, a natural story-teller, but no writer by conscious profession. I think neither of the following books was quite so successful—though the picture of life in big kitchens is the most fascinating and informative thing of its kind. But from "Small Beer" it is plain that he is not writing himself out: his material is inexhaustible simply because he has the trick of using his eyes that makes people say, why don't things like that happen to me. Every writer assumes a character in his books that is different from his shape and habits as he is known to his friends; and Mr. Bemelmans is a gnome. He is benevolent; he sounds as though he never made an enemy or won an argument in his life; he writes almost wholly out of delight in things; but he is a gnome.

"Small Beer" is a collection of sketches, and the bewildering thing is, you couldn't say what they are about. It is always a sort of inconclusive panorama: he is the one man who was going to St. Ives, and even in the riddle you don't know if the man got there or not. It wasn't the point. A character becomes very big and real and vanishes in two paragraphs and you are sitting in a boat or inn yard, and then they are gone too. It is the writing, of course, a bone-dry economy that at times sets a whole stage complete with scenery, people and the smell of cooking, in two sentences. He is a shrewd man with an image ("a beach, chewing-gum gray," "the landscape was as simple as bread and water," the ship "slips through the passage like a hand in a pocket"). And he has an eye for the absurd that is almost as quick and deadly as a vision by Evelyn Waugh—though never steady, always somehow tolerant and kind. There is a satire on totalitarianism (in the sixth-class carriage of the splendid festival train there was no floor and the passengers had to run along the tracks) which for once doesn't defeat its purpose by dullness or screaming; there is a fine "Dog Story," also with overtones of decent lives ruined by Anschluss; but the best, the most unaccountable and typical, is about "The Isle of God." It runs without stopping:

> Monsieur le Baron . . . had the torso of a lion tamer. His mustache, made of cast iron and painted black, was hard, heavy and new. He crossed his arms so that he could scratch both his strong shoulders at the same time. The shoulders came out of a striped, half-sleeved garment which, Madame explained to me, was *américain*, was bought at the Bon Marché in Paris and was called a "sweet shirt." . . . The soup plates were cleared away, Monsieur le Baron wiped his mustache and lips with a piece of bread, ate it and looked to the kitchen door. A murmur went through the room. Madame also looked up and then pointed to the door, singing, "*Ah—les crabes!*"
>
> The Spanish boy staggered into the room carrying a casserole of steaming crabs. He wore an apron that reached from his chin to under his shoes. He brought six crabs, immense, the color and texture of imitation-leather bags, each one with six legs, each leg three feet long.
>
> The young girls arched their backs as he approached; the legs of the crabs reached out for their shoulder straps, for the piccolo's black hair, and for the mimosa on the tables. He managed to serve them without anyone's coming to harm; he had a great deal of practice. . . . This disastrous menu is served here every evening. Its price includes half a bottle of *vin ordinaire* and is thirty cents and certainly worth it.

Three paragraphs later they have slept, embarked and sailed to the Isle of God—which certainly sounds like it. The book is heavily and helpfully illustrated—though Bemelmans' drawing by itself looks like something done in a mirror with the left hand, or a progressive-kindergarten exhibit board. But his writing style is so wry, clear and perfect that his scenes have the cozy illusion of depth and life you get from stereopticons; I think no one in the informal-essay field today can equal it.

Leonard Q. Ross has turned his hand to many things with success and his latest book is a collection of the reporter-at-large pieces The New Yorker does so well with.

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In this field Mr. Ross is much in the shadow of Joseph Mitchell, who is the best ever; but he is still good and lively reading. There are the family court, the rubberneck wagon, the Savoy Ballroom (this piece creaks with trying), Union Square, the penny arcades and Broadway dime-a-dancers—all the things New Yorkers are familiar with from the outside only; and some they aren't, such as the magnificent Izzy Gomez. Done very conscientiously, too: the facts, figures, economic background as well as the "color" so many feature writers for other magazines concentrate on exclusively. (A profile or color story here may make punk reading, but you can be sure it took the most man-hours of legwork that money can buy.)

But reading these several sketches as congealed in book form, I wonder if the strain after news isn't too much, and if today's varied and absolutely fresh menu isn't tomorrow's old mutton. One of the funniest evenings of the world's music is in Ross's "L'Opéra"; but that just happened to him. In many of the other pieces there is that grim resolve to subject oneself to so many hours of some odd thing in order to get a story on what it feels like; whereas the only true story must always be written by those who go through it because it is their cup of tea. Ross looks for the strangest places with a trained eye, but he has left a stranger place behind, the classroom of Mr. K*A*P*L*A*N. Mr. Bemelmans, being more on recreation and less on reporting all the facts, is nearer to literature: his strangest place is where he finds himself.

George Price illustrated the book, which means it is better illustrated than any book should be. OTIS FERGUSON

Browder on Peace

Fighting for Peace, by Earl Browder. New York: International Publishers. 250 pages. $1.

MEMBERS of the Dies Committee can find no more salutary reading than this book of twenty-four speeches and articles written between February, 1938, and February, 1939, by the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the United States. For what Mr. Browder's observations on American foreign policy make clear is not that the Communists have taken over the New Deal. No, the shoe is on the other foot: it is the New Deal that has taken the Communists into camp.

Mr. Browder's "peace policy" is already familiar to the readers of The New Republic. "Peace is being destroyed by Hitler, Mussolini and the Mikado." It can be preserved only if Mr. Roosevelt's peace-loving 90 percent of the world's population "quarantines" the war-making 10 percent. Mr. Browder, however, lays more emphasis than some interventionists on the role of the Soviet Union; he also writes less pretentiously than most other advocates of collective action. His contribution to our store of escape literature is thus a rather stark one. He invites us to make excursions into that realm of make-believe where only the liberal internationalist feels truly at home and where the laws of everyday life are suspended. "Wipe out," he invited the romantic readers of The New Masses on March 28, 1938, "the contradictions in American foreign policy, wipe out the contradictions between the line-up on foreign and domestic policy, implement the Kellogg Pact and the high ideals expressed by Roosevelt and Hull, accept the latest proposal of Litvinov—this is the road toward keeping America out of war by keeping war out of the world."

Alas for Mr. Browder's theme song, "Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight"; recent events are liquidating precisely those contradictions that he deplored eighteen months ago. The labor-baiting Paul McNutt, the isolationist Hiram Johnson, the Tory-Republican Arthur Vandenberg are now applauding Mr. Roosevelt as he threatens to place upon Japan that same embargo that the Communists have been preaching since the early weeks of the war in China. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt is not moving fast enough for either his reactionary or his Communist admirers.

This is not to say that Mr. Browder, Mr. Roosevelt or any other responsible American wants war. It is merely to suggest that moral attitudes are not enough and that the high-minded man has an even greater obligation than most to "implement"—as the expression goes—his visions and slogans with a little skeptical analysis. Our liberal internationalists have long since forfeited all claim to serious attention. The Communists have not yet acquired such a disastrous record of misinterpretation, though this book of Mr. Browder's is an ominous beginning. In quoting from Stalin's speech of March 18, 1939, for example, he confines himself to its definition of Soviet foreign policy. He makes no mention of the much longer section devoted to the crisis of the capitalist countries and to Stalin's admirable demonstration of why Anglo-French imperialism has tried to play off the Japanese against the Chinese, the Axis Powers against the Spanish Loyalists and so on. Had he dwelt more on Stalin's detailed criticism of France and Britain and paid less attention to the lip-service Stalin rendered to collective security, he would have been spared the mortification he has recently endured of justifying Stalin's appeasement of Hitler with precisely the same arguments that Chamberlain used when he tried the same thing a year ago. It would seem, indeed, that Mr. Browder, like most American Communists, has succumbed to a disease that is worse than Trotskyism, since even their best friends will not tell them its name. QUINCY HOWE

What Truth in Accounting?

Truth in Accounting, by Kenneth MacNeal. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 352 pages. $3.50.

ACCOUNTING IS A GOOD SUBJECT to get excited about. Mr. MacNeal is excited. Those who live in an accounting frame of reference—and that includes everyone dependent on the modern corporation—neglect the subject at their peril. But the author also appears to be an excitable man. The "low boiling point" to which he confesses in his preface may in part explain the controversy which has arisen over the alleged suppression of a summary of his position by Fortune magazine. No one familiar with the accounting profession will be surprised that a man with the audacity to challenge the fundamental practices of such a tightly organized and efficiently self-protective group should wear a chip on his shoulder. It may require a pretty cocky fellow to take a crack at the profession from within.

Existing accounting methods are vulnerable to Mr. Mac-

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Neal's attack. Truth in this context has two aspects. First, accounting records must accurately correspond with the real facts; that is, property and obligations must exist as specified. Second, assets and liabilities must be properly evaluated. Accountants have attempted to absolve themselves from all responsibility for the first aspect by a legal dodge. Instead of certifying as formerly that accounts present "a correct statement of financial condition," they now declare that they "truly and fairly reflect the application of accepted accounting practices to the facts." The danger resulting from the neglect and evasion of this phase of the truth is exemplified by the recent exposure of the Musica brothers' career of fraud.

The entire usefulness of the work of public accountants thus depends on their treatment of the second aspect of the truth. Mr. MacNeal boldly contends that the valuations now used make their statements misleading, if not inherently fallacious. For properties are included in balance sheets at values pertaining to a variety of different dates. Truth for the author means simultaneous valuation, and he consequently advocates a thorough reappraisal at every audit date. He claims without proof that reappraisals can be expeditiously made by formula. At best it is doubtful whether accountants are competent for this task, now customarily in charge of engineers. We know that when the utilities were forced by the courts to make repeated reappraisals the cost was staggering and the result made chaos out of the effort to regulate the industry.

The job Mr. MacNeal has attempted urgently needs doing, but it is one for an economist trained to the operational attitude of modern science rather than for an accountant. The author has himself been misled by the bewitching concept of absolute value which permeates the antiquated economics he uses. Many economists now believe that there is no escape from a historical and conventional basis of value and that there may be as many equally "true" values for a thing as there are different purposes for keeping accounts. Mr. MacNeal's criterion is well adapted to the needs of investors, but he has mistaken it for a universal principle. Truth in accounting, as in every other field of abstraction, is relative and subject to test by results. In spite of these criticisms, investors in danger of being misled will be effectively put on guard by reading this book.

JOHN DE WITT NORTON

New Books: A Reader's List

FOREIGN AFFAIRS, by Anthony Eden (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). Selected addresses from 1924-1939. Mildly useful for checking on such items as the Marseilles murders, the Abyssinian War, sanctions, Nyon, non-intervention and Munich. The speeches reveal a mild-mannered, pallid Foreign Secretary, very different from the Eden imagined by his admirers.

THE BRITISH CHARACTER, by "Pont," with an Introduction by E. M. Delafield (Knopf, $1.50). Cartoons by Punch's noted artist. The British characteristics illustrated here are traditional, fairly obvious and not likely to raise even a titter on this side.

LIFE INSURANCE FROM THE BUYER'S POINT OF VIEW, by E. C. Harwood and Bion H. Francis (Blue Ribbon Books, $1). A useful guidebook that should enable

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Fiction

THE PRIORY, by Dorothy Whipple (Macmillan, $2.50). The story of the gradual break-up of an English county family through the obliviousness of its members to reality and change. Capably written, with some humor; nothing particularly new.

LISTEN FOR THE VOICES, by Anne Colver (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). This novel about the Transcendentalists and some fictitious families of Concord comes off pretty well. The characters aren't stuffy although they did see Thoreau plain, once every other page or so. A nice slant on the worries that ruffled Massachusetts ladies in 1850.

FAMILY ALBUM, by Humphrey Pakington (Norton, $2.50). Not so much a novel as selected incidents out of the lives of upper-class English families from 1887 to Munich. All very well bred and rather a bore.

A Correction

Two errors appeared in Washington Notes in the August 23 issue. Senator McCarran's name was misspelled and Senators Pittman and McCarran were reported "pulling and yanking" at Wyoming's 1940 Democratic convention delegation instead of Nevada's.

Contributors

Genevieve Tabouis is the foreign editor of L'Oeuvre, in Paris. Her articles, which will appear regularly in The New Republic, are published through an arrangement with Press Alliance, Inc., New York.

Ernest Sutherland Bates is the author, with Oliver Carlson, of "Hearst: Lord of San Simeon." Among his many other books are "The Story of Congress" and "The Story of the Supreme Court."

John Chamberlain is an editor of Fortune and a regular contributor to The New Republic.

Vincent Sheean, for many years a foreign correspondent, told the story of those years in "Personal History." His most recent book is "Not Peace but a Sword."

James Benét, a graduate of Stanford University and a member of The New Republic's editorial staff, has just returned from a vacation spent in and around San Francisco.

W. H. Auden is the author of three plays written in collaboration with Christopher Isherwood. He has also written "Poems," "On This Island" and, with Isherwood, "Journey to a War."

Quincy Howe is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster and the author of "World Diary," "England Expects Every American to Do His Duty," and "Blood Is Cheaper Than Water."

John De Witt Norton, a student of economics and finance, is now writing a thesis on administrative economics.

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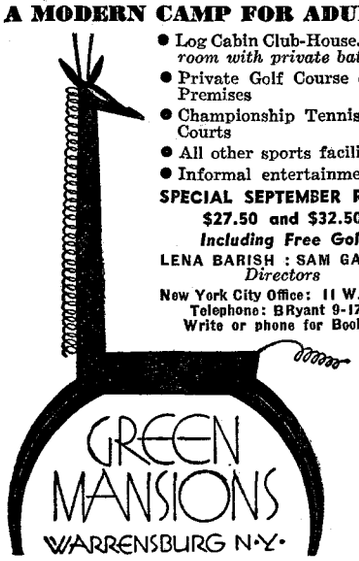

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Reprints of the article: **THE JEWISH NATIONAL ARMY,** by A. A. Michie (from The New Republic of August 9), available at $1 a hundred. The New Republic, 40 East 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

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